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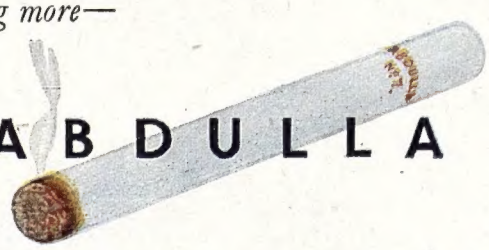

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN THE HANDS OF A COMMUNIST MINORITY—PRESIDENT BENES RECEIVES PREMIER GOTTWALD AND HIS NEWLY-FORMED CABINET AT THE HRADCANY CASTLE, PRAGUE, AT THE END OF A WEEK OF CRISIS: Dr. Benes, who is standing on the left with a prepared speech in his hand, declared that he had accepted the change because otherwise "there might have been such a serious rift in the nation that general chaos would have ensued"

"You want to conduct the affairs of State in a new way and according to a new form of democracy. I should like to express to you, the nation and the State, the wish that this new way may prove a happy one for all." With these words, tinged with doubt and foreboding, President Benes told Premier Gottwald and his newly-formed Cabinet of his attitude towards the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia, but at the same time he accepted the new Ministers and the Government of the Republic passed into the hands of a Communist Ministry and a Cabinet made up either of Communists or Communist sympathisers. In one week this nation, which after the First World War had been carved from the wreck of the Austro-Hungarian empire and had set out with such bright hopes along the path of political democracy, had been brought beneath the heel of authoritarianism. After receiving the new Ministers, M. Benes left for the country, there to ponder his own personal position, while in Prague there ensued a swift purge of the "enemies of the people." (Further pictures from Czechoslovakia will be found on pages 291, 294-95)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

THE LONDON RIVER IS TO BE USED AGAIN FOR PASSENGER TRANSPORT—THE WATER-BUS "ODELIA" ON A TRIAL RUN: On June 1 this year it will be possible to travel by a half-hourly water-bus service from Tower Bridge to Putney in less than an hour, with intermediate calls at Charing Cross, Lambeth Bridge and Albert Bridge (Cadogan Pier, Chelsea). This system of transport will operate daily from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. for an experimental period of five months. Water-buses on the Thames have been tried out on several occasions, but have been discontinued each time, usually owing to financial loss. In the beginning four launches with the initial letter "O" will be used, and they will each carry between 150 and 170 passengers per trip. They are powered by Diesel engines If the experiment is successful, the length of the journey may be extended and the water-buses may run during the winter. Sir Alan Herbert, who has been an advocate of regular passenger service on the river for many a year, declares he is delighted with the proposal

A Cry of Alarm.—I can understand M. Bidault's cry of alarm on the morrow of the Czechoslovak coup. I can agree with Mr. Dalton's condemnation of this Communist triumph as unprovoked aggression and am inclined to agree with him that if in 1945 he, and not Bevin, had been chosen as Foreign Secretary, "getting drunk with Molotov" (the Doctor's prescription for happier relations with Russia) would probably have made little difference to Foreign Affairs in the last two-and-a-half years. Drunk or sober, Molotov knows what he wants and has been wonderfully successful in getting it. M. Bidault sees (who doesn't?) the awful parallel with Munich. Dr. Dalton suddenly raises the bogy of *Germany*. "Glamis thou art and Cawdor." The Russian Macbeth has made a good start from the Mediterranean up to little Finland as he has drawn in one by one, using Hitler's sickening technique, the countries nearest his influence, by organised pressure from inside or outside, by veiled ultimata, by exactly planned and timed coups, by the ruthless propaganda of big lies. And now (as Dr. Dalton said) "we have specially got to watch the Germans, potentially the most dangerous of all. It is a realistic fear that there should be linked up with Communist power German resources, organisation and man-power." You may rub your eyes and cry out that these two are unlikely bed-fellows. But, if you take note of Russia's diplomatic compass boxing since 1938, your comfort is small enough, and even now there are distinct signs that Russia has her eye on Germany for that very purpose. Never in my lifetime have the contents of each day's press been so filled with evil and urgent danger. Never before (not even in 1938) have the forces of aggression gained so long a lead. Never were the Western democracies so ill-equipped (with their urgent domestic and economic problems) to man the receding frontiers and cry halt. Mr. Churchill is right again. That Western Union is the first of first things. As in 1914, as in 1938, so to-day the peoples walk in darkness and in the shadow of death. The cliques are in control, and blind and dumb humanity is driven once more to the crater edge. The Russian people know what war is. They cannot have forgotten what it meant with the "bows and arrows" of the war arsenals of 1942-45. They have heard of Hiroshima. They can guess the possibilities of atomic war. But they may not ever hear, let alone whisper, of the activities of *their* clique. The flocks of sheep in the Western democracies are at liberty to hear and to bleat. But because time is so short, and political constitutions so clumsy, they are, with the time factor, as helpless as the blindfold Russians. No one "wants" war, least of all the political bosses. But it is "want" (in every sense of the word) that makes war inevitable and peace impossible.

Coalition.—"No one likes a Coalition Government. Nothing good comes from a coalition." What in sober truth do these glib phrases from the mouths of politicians of all parties mean? I will tell you what they mean to *me*. In a sentence they mean: "We politicians under Coalition Government sacrifice half our chances of obtaining office, if our party be in power." What does history show? It shows that in our modern crises we have been saved (by the skin of our teeth) from extinction, political or economic, by Coalition Government. Almost you may invert the proposition and declare that Party Government has brought us to all our modern major crises and left it to coalitions to pull us out of the fire. And now? In our worst crisis, a Coalition Government is as unpopular as ever. *Now*, when every bit of intelligence and experience we can recruit should be devoted to saving us from almost certain destruction, "no one dreams of coalition." "No one?" "No one" means the politicians. It does not mean you and I. At this hour I cry: A plague on all your parties, your cliques, your cabals, your gangs, at home, in Europe, in civilisation. Co-operation is not in political man to-day. The ship of Civilisation on a lee shore is driving on to the reefs, and the crew, lacking leadership, pilotless, are grouped in rival gangs, some apathetic, some bent on plunder and murder and vendetta. At home, and among nations, self and party come first, the country and civilisation last. In England, Right and Left refuse to sacrifice their bisques in the party game; in civilisation the nations, or those who represent them in the race to damnation, pursue the same selfish ends.

Palestine.—If ever there is to be an acid test for the U.N., the withdrawal of our legions from Palestine should provide it. The latest outrage in Jerusalem is not likely to induce Britain to delay departure. It is now only a question of *extrication*. Though the "coup" was claimed by "Arab Commandos" and made possible by the theft of British lorries and uniform, the British were blamed at once—as was to be expected—and bitterness against us rose to a new high level among the active elements in Jewry, and, indeed, in the entire quarter destroyed. Never was the position more critical. Every British soldier and policeman is henceforth fair game for the assassin, whatever he be doing, wherever he is met. It would indeed be the last straw on the patient camel's back to ask of our troops one week's further service on that bloody field beyond the expected date. Mr. Truman is feeling the dilemma that now results from some of his too optimistic directives and expectations. The U.N. do indeed have a responsibility and obligation to "substitute some kind of international control" to take over from us now that our Mandate is ending. But Mr. Truman finds America unresponsive and can hardly expect zeal among the U.N. For that reason our own Labour Members' motion urging the handing over of our military installations to the new force seems like a beating of the air. Civilisation has been vainly striving to create that International Force since the Congress of Vienna. Is it likely to succeed to-day and to have the force armed, equipped, trained, organised, commanded and shipped by May? It would be easier to guarantee moving Mont Blanc in barrows and dumping it in the Atlantic within three months.

In Eire.—The new broom in Eire has swept away the taxes last imposed on beer, cigarettes and cinemas, so redeeming his election pledges. Having made himself right with his supporters in the matter of the circuses, he must look around for the means to retrieve an important part of his modest budget. Mr. Costello appeals to us, for he has kinder feelings towards Britain than Mr. de Valera, and intends to foster closer relations for mutual benefit. May he succeed! The auguries are better than for decades. In these days, to remove any tax, direct or indirect, seems an act of faith, if not a gamble. Nevertheless, Lord Samuel, for the Liberal Peers, has come out strong for that same act of faith. "Halve the taxes" is his new slogan, and a very moving slogan on the platform. And, indeed, some such carrot is necessary if Liberal candidates are to save their deposits. The trouble with such an act of faith at a time like this is *lack of time*. The theories as to the effect of reduced taxation may be economically sound, but they cannot possibly be proved in a matter of months or weeks. And with us to-day a week more or less may make or mar. The Bailiffs are sitting in our hall and will not be shifted with theories or promises, however rosy and soundly argued. They must have their little bill discharged in cash or they will go off with the grand piano and the best bed.

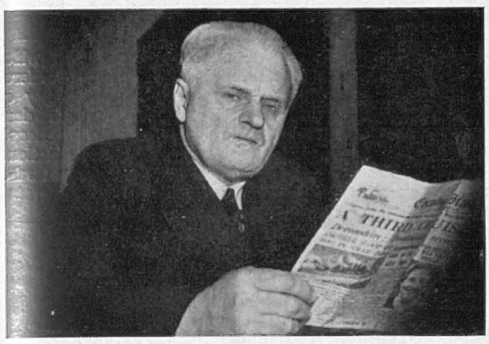
Chagall.—"This time (says the Old Guard to the Tate Gallery directors) you have gone too far. This time you have been too clever and you have shocked the town. A blue-headed cow on a house-roof suckling a purple calf (with horns) while holding a parasol over a yellow hen, with a cardinal and a woman of sorts and a doll mixed up in the affair—this amalgam is too ugly and mad to be worshipped as a fairy tale of form and colour." But the young guard never surrenders. It doesn't explain; it merely indicates a vague contempt for the old Constable-Gainsborough fans who hold that art stopped short in the cultivated Court of George III. It is the same contempt which the Quornite used to feel for the black-coated visitor to the Melton Hunt Ball in Edwardian days. It sums up and personifies the unbridgeable gulf between tradition and revolution, old and new, and it enhances the mystery of human taste. "All tastes are good." "*Quot homines. . . .*" Alas! for saws. Neither side admits their truth, in art or literature or politics. To me that charming man and able administrator John Buchan wrote the very worst novels of adventure ever published and eagerly read. To me, J. M. Barrie, O.M. and Bart., was a sickening sentimentalist and a very shrewd advertiser, who turned out Kailyard porridge. Nine people out of ten would regard my opinion on these two as novelists, as just *dirt* or worse. But they would not convince me of error. When it's a question of pictorial art, I keep silence even from good words. For the art critic has my sympathy. I think of those modern Vermeers and of that *soi-disant* Lawrence, and I remind myself that art critics, like journalists, have got to earn their livings, are usually wrong, but must never *mark time*. It is so easy to become a *back number*. The younger generation is ever knocking on the door.

Contributor, Not Editor.—I am *not* an editor or sub-editor of THE SPHERE, nor have I any part or lot in its make-up. I have become a great admirer of THE SPHERE, as a contributor and reader over a quarter-century (and increasingly since 1939), and I have every reason to regard my Editor as an invariably faithful friend, a strong tower in trouble and a great editor. Having said so much, I remind readers that if they dislike anything in the wording of the "Newsletter" or other article over my name, I like them to lash me direct. I enjoy a duel. But if they dislike or criticise a photograph or caption on my page or anything in the letterpress or illustrations on other pages than mine, it is no use cursing me, for I am no more responsible than the critics. All tastes are said to be good. Anyway, no two men agree *in toto* on all matters. Some readers, for example, may prefer more politics and less "Kailyard" in my own scribbles. My own opinion (over a quarter-century) assures me that I gain more interest from readers for my rustic humours and amateur efforts to kill moles, or contrive synthetic fuels than for my copy-cat efforts to pontificate on political problems which I do not understand (does anybody?) and which are anyway invariably depressing. That is why of late you have had a larger dose of "Kailyard." It is nearer home for most of us, and one gets bored with trouncing Communist lies, schoolboy *tu-quoque*, murderers and bureaucratic waste and tyranny.

THE OLD STAGER

Personalities of the Czech Crisis
IN LONDON AND PRAGUE

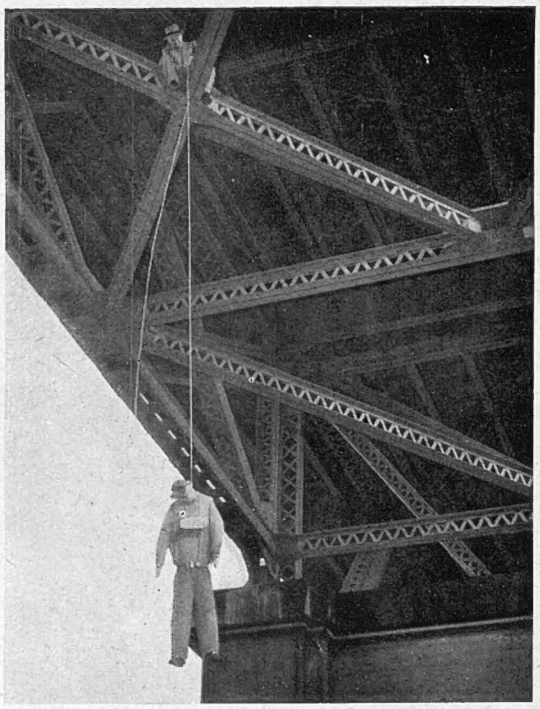
EXPLAINING THE COURSE OF EVENTS IN PRAGUE: Mr. B. Kratochvil, the Czechoslovakian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, addressing a Press conference in London following the week of crisis in Prague and the entry of the new Ministers into the Gottwald Cabinet. The Ambassador introduced General Ecer, who made a statement on behalf of the Czech Government



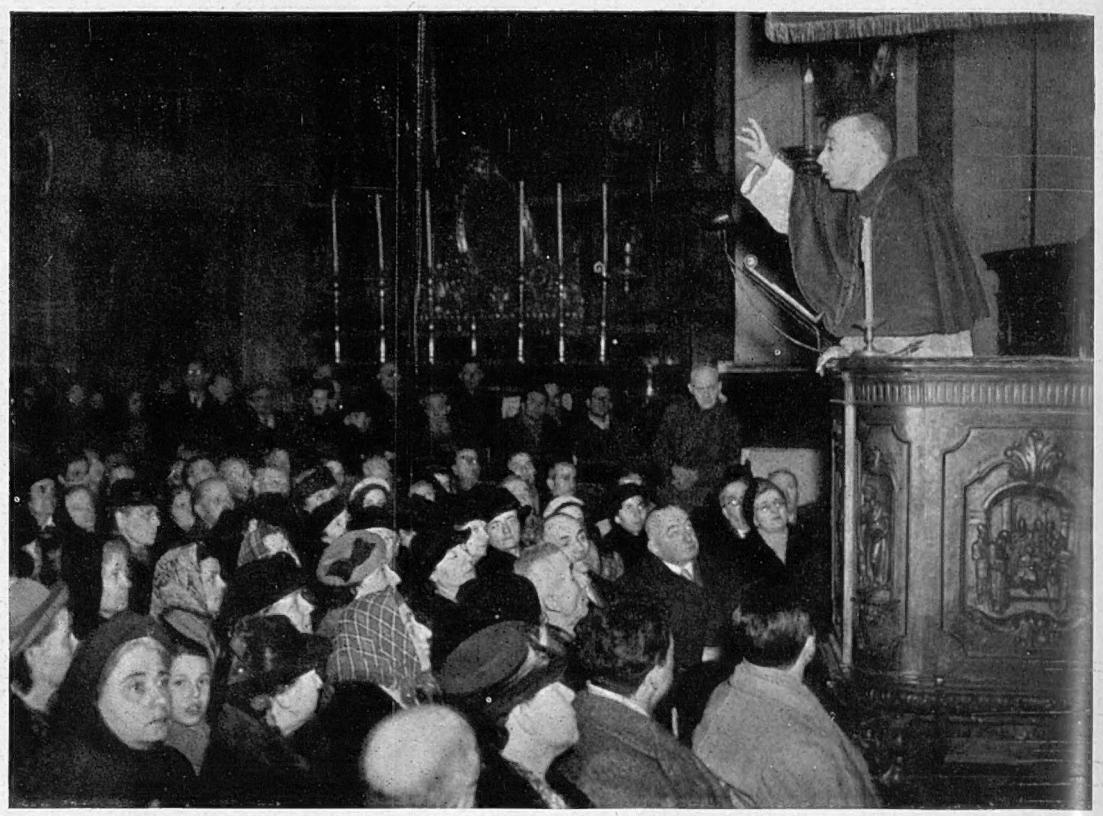
THE AUTHOR OF A CONTROVERSIAL STATEMENT: General Ecer, Czech lawyer and representative on the United Nations War Crimes Commission, seen at the Press conference in London, at which he declared that some steps taken during the critical days were made under "emergency procedure," and were carried out "to some extent by revolutionary legality." Czechoslovakia, he said, had been threatened by "chaos and anarchy" following the resignation of the twelve Ministers. There had been no "conflict" between President Benes and the Communist Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, Mr. Gottwald, but only a "divergence of opinion." "The real cause of the crisis," he said, "was that since last September the Government was paralysed. This created an intolerable situation at this moment, when the Sudeten Germans are issuing new manifestoes against Czechoslovakia"

PREMIER GOTTWALD GIVES THE NEWS TO HIS JUBILANT SUPPORTERS IN WENCESLAUS SQUARE: Standing beside Josef Krosnar (left), Chairman of the Prague District Communist Party and Deputy Lord Mayor of Prague, Mr. Gottwald announces that Dr. Benes has agreed to the reconstruction of the Cabinet. No sooner had the Premier announced the new Ministry than the Ministers set to work to implement "the new order." The "great purge" included large numbers of journalists on political newspapers

ON A BALCONY IN PRAGUE—SOME LEADING COMMUNISTS AT THE WENCESLAUS SQUARE MEETING: Just behind the microphone is Krosnar, Chairman of the Prague District Communist Party and Deputy Mayor of Prague. On his left hand is Dr. Zdenek Nejedly, the new Minister of Education, and on his right hand is Mr. Vaclav Kopecky, who retains his post of Minister of Information. Others on the Tribune are members of the All-Slav Committee and a General of the Czech Army



HOW SEATTLE REACTED TO RECENT TIDINGS FROM EUROPE : An effigy, labelled " Joseph Stalin," being cut down from one of the spans of the Aurora Bridge at Seattle, Washington State. The dummy wore army clothing. The head was stuffed with paper and the hands consisted of pig's trotters



CARDINAL SCHUSTER LETS FLY : The Cardinal Archbishop of Milan preaching at a recent service in which he delivered a powerful attack on the Communist forces at work in Italy. The Cardinal has ordered all priests in his Lombard domain to carry on anti-Communist propaganda and to spend money on anti-Communist literature rather than on church adornments. He has also told them to deny Absolution to Communists in certain specified circumstances. The Cardinal's statement has deeply angered Togliatti, the Italian Communist leader, particularly in view of the nearness of the elections. Signor Longo, commander of the Communist partisans during the war, declares it is " an unheard-of intervention by a high prelate in the backstairs electoral campaign of the Christian Democrats "

COMMUNISTS AND ANTI-COMMUNISTS AT WORK

" STOP STALIN," " SAVE SLOVAKIA," " HELP STOP RUSSIAN PERSECUTION " : These were some of the placards carried by American Friends of Slovak Freedom when they picketed the headquarters of Soviet United Nations delegates in protest against the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia. A large body of police maintained order during the picketing

" SEND THE STARVERS TO GAOL—PUT THE IDLERS AND PARASITES TO WORK " : A banner borne through the streets of Lille, Red capital of France's industrial north-east, in an anti-Government demonstration. During the demonstration the Communists directed insults at members of M. Schuman's Government

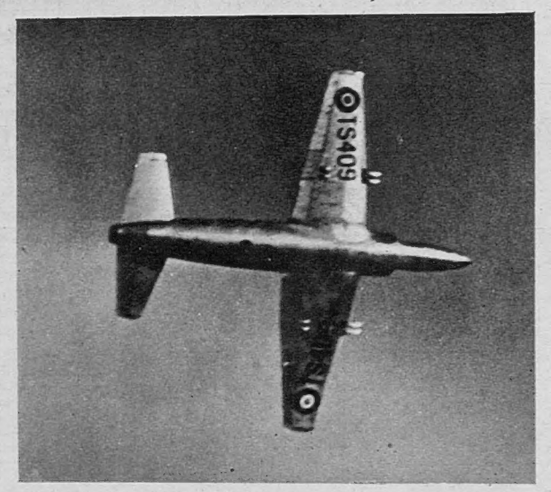
TENSION RISES IN ITALY'S INDUSTRIAL NORTH : Communists beating up a Right Wing supporter in Milan, where there has lately been a wave of political violence

A CHASE THROUGH THE STREETS OF MILAN : Left Wing sympathisers pursuing a political opponent through the city. The Italian elections are due to take place on April 18, and all over the country feeling is rising high. According to Premier Gasperi, Communist Action Committees, on the lines of those set up in Czechoslovakia, are being organised in Italy. Last week Communists were arrested in the Province of Perugia for being in possession of large stocks of arms and ammunition

564 M.P.H. IN A SUPERMARINE ATTACKER

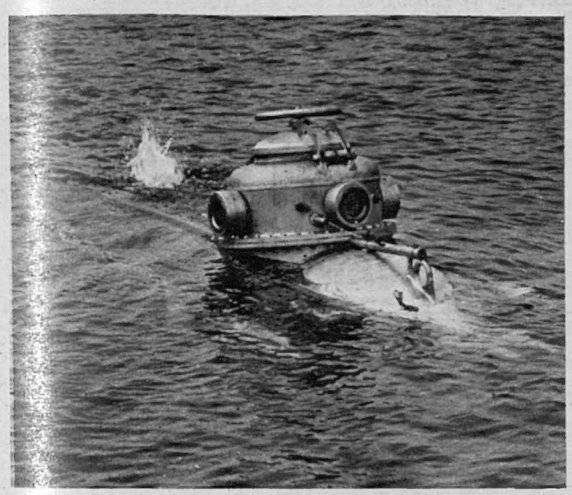
THE ATTACKER TAKES OFF FROM CHILBOLTON ON ITS FIRST RECORD-BREAKING RUN : An action picture of the new jet fighter which last week twice broke the International 100-Kilometre Closed Circuit Record. The record flights took place from Chilbolton Aerodrome and a speed over the 100-kilometre circuit of 560·634 m.p.h. was established on the first flight and 564·881 m.p.h. on the second flight. Powered with a single Rolls-Royce Nene turbo-jet unit at its standard rating of 5,000-lb. static thrust, the machine carried full military equipment on its record runs. Following on the recent successful series of deck landings on H.M.S. *Illustrious*, when its low-speed controllability was proved beyond question, the Attacker has now demonstrated that it has outstanding manœuvrability at high speed as well. The Attacker comes from the Supermarine stable which produced the record-breaking Schneider Trophy aircraft and the world-famous Spitfire fighter. The machine in its present form is capable of extensive development and already plans for this work are in hand by the Supermarine design staff. The aeroplane was piloted by one of the Supermarine team of test pilots, Mr. M. J. Lithgow

THE ATTACKER'S PILOT : M. J. Lithgow climbing from the cockpit of the jet-propelled Supermarine Attacker at Chilbolton Airfield, near Winchester



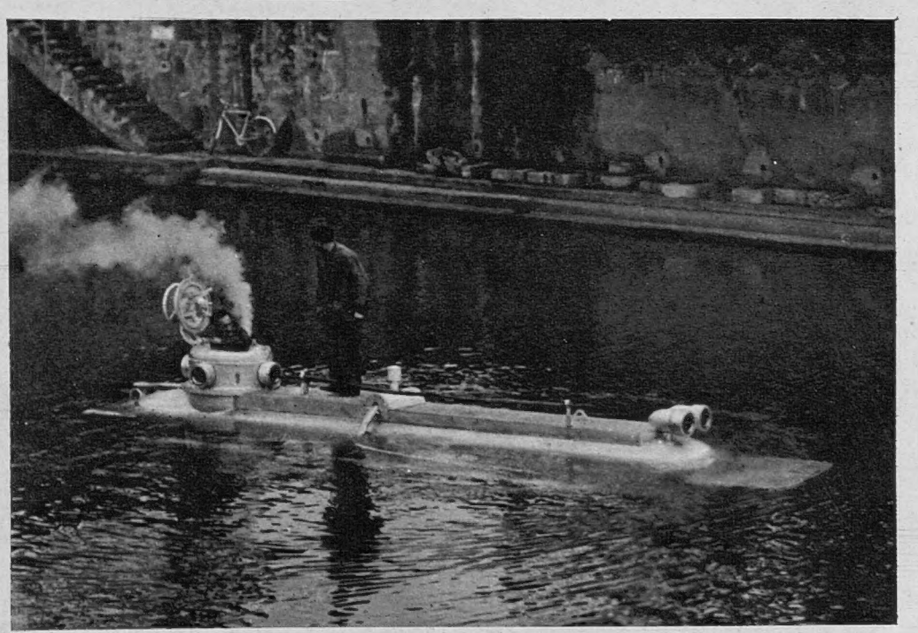
ZOOMING OVER CHILBOLTON : The jet-propelled Supermarine Attacker on its first record-breaking flight. The machine is powered by a single Rolls-Royce Nene turbo-jet engine

ITALY'S DEEP-SEA SUBMARINE RUNS ITS TRIALS



THE DEEP-SEA SUBMARINE MAKES ITS FIRST DIVE : Vassena's strange craft diving beneath the Lake of Lecco, Northern Italy. If the preliminary tests are successful the submarine will be taken to the open sea

PREPARING FOR THE FIRST DIVE : Pietro Vassena on the deck of his deep-sea submarine before making a preliminary test in company with a colleague. Vassena is known as the Piccolo Piccard of Italy



SMOKE FROM THE ENGINE AND EXHAUST POURS FROM THE CONNING-TOWER OF THE DEEP-SEA SUBMARINE : Pietro Vassena, the inventor, and a colleague testing their strange craft on the Lake of Lecco. The powerful headlights in the nose of the craft are intended for under-water observation in conjunction with the inspection window

Pietro Vassena, an Italian engineer, has captured the imagination of the Italian public with his deep-sea submarine which he has built in a workshop at Lecco, Northern Italy, and has since tried out in and on the Lake of Lecco. Because of the similarity of his experiments to those of Professor Piccard, of Belgium, Vassena is called the Piccolo Piccard of Italy. His submarine, he claims, can remain under water for twenty hours, and it is specially equipped to resist the vast pressures which it will meet at depth. The submarine will be used for scientific purposes, and also for the investigation of wrecks. Professor Piccard, the distinguished Belgian balloonist and submarine explorer, is said to be interested in Vassena's project. In the nose of the submarine are windows, headlights and a mechanical grab for securing specimens from the depths

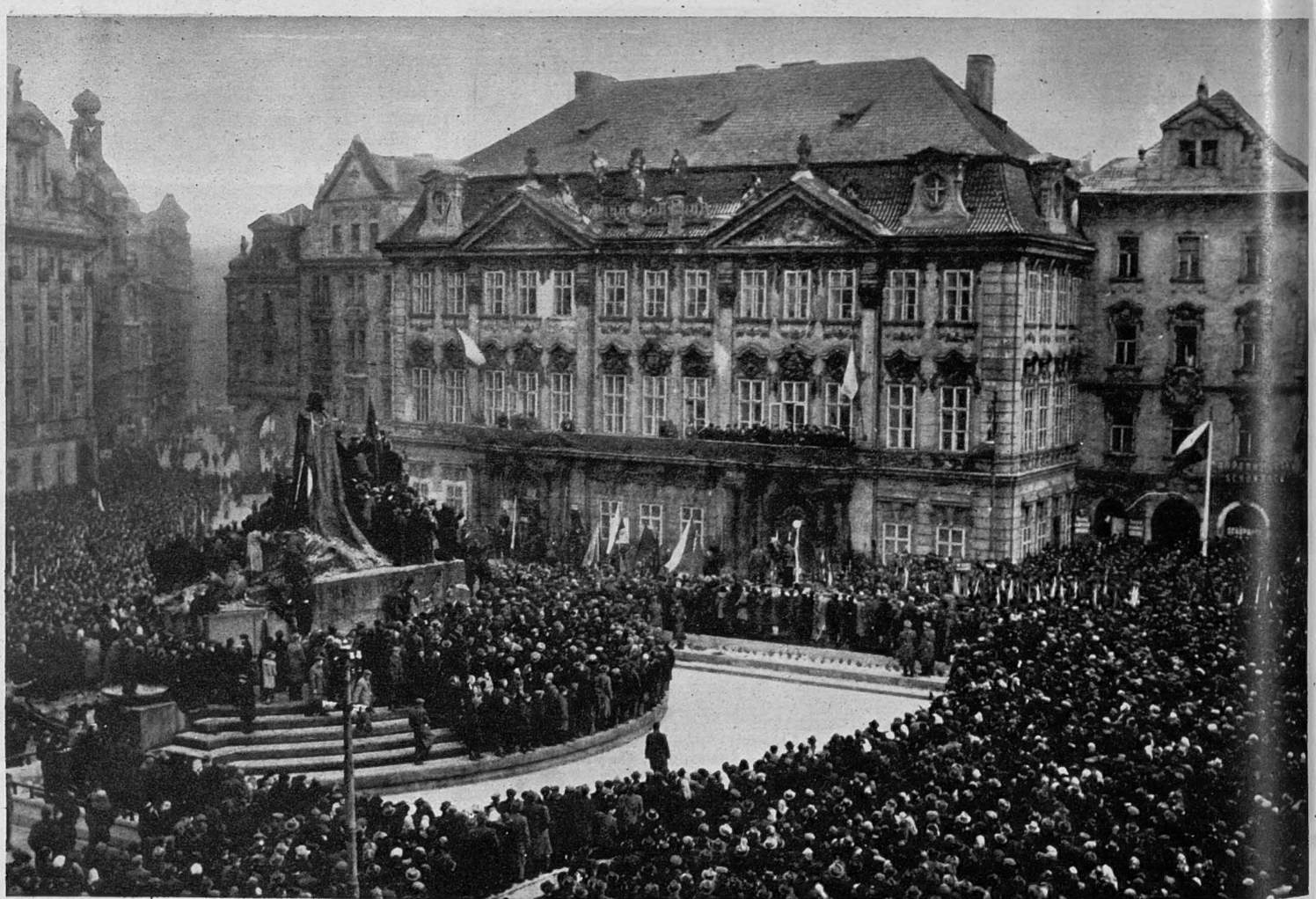
CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S COMMUNIST PREMIER ARRIVES TO ADDRESS A COMMUNIST RALLY AT THE HEIGHT OF THE CABINET CRISIS: Mr. Gottwald raising his hat to the crowd on reaching the Kinsky Palace, Prague. From the balcony he outlined to 8,000 representatives of the works' councils the situation which had arisen following the resignation from the Cabinet of twelve non-Communists. After a week of crisis President Benes accepted the resignations of these Ministers, and Mr. Gottwald set up a new Ministry, largely Communist in make-up and wholly Communist in sympathy. The new Ministry was accompanied by a Civil Service purge, and the suppression of several newspapers

THE COMMUNIST RALLY OUTSIDE THE KINSKY PALACE, PRAGUE: Portraits of Mr. Gottwald, the Communist Premier, and President Benes, head of the Czechoslovakian Republic, being held aloft together with the red, white and blue flag of the Republic and a red flag adorned with the hammer and sickle. Leaders of the Czechoslovakian Communist Party are seen standing on the balcony from which Premier Gottwald delivered a speech against "the formulators of reactionary plots." Another prominent speaker was Mr. Zapotocky, of U.R.O., the Czechoslovakian Trade Union Federation

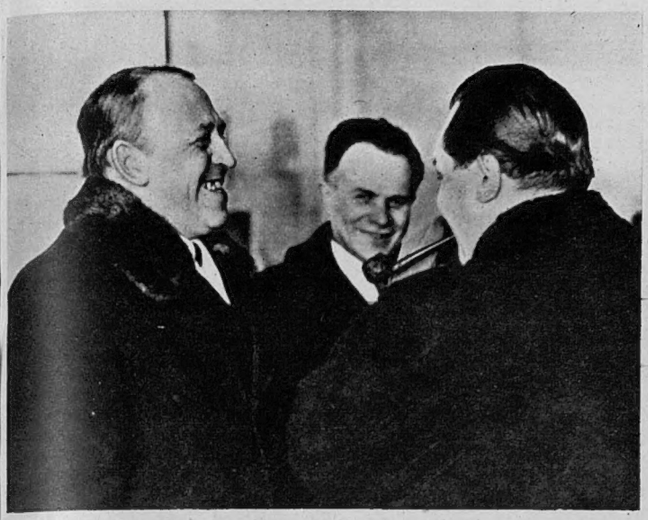
THE COMMUNIST COUP IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Scenes in Prague as the Communists Gained Almost Complete Control of the Government

On the night of February 25 President Edouard Benes, pupil of the late President Masaryk and ardent upholder of Parliamentary democracy, was to have spoken to the Czechoslovakian nation over Prague radio. The President never came to the microphone, and millions of people waiting by their radios all over the country knew by that sign that the Communists had gained the day in the Czechoslovakian Cabinet crisis. The crisis began when twelve Ministers resigned because the Communists refused to carry out the instructions of a majority of the Cabinet. The instructions related to the victimising of non-Communists in the police force. At first President Benes would not accept the resignations of the Ministers concerned, but eventually he yielded, and it soon became apparent that Premier Gottwald had carried through, while a minority party, a swift and carefully-planned coup. To-day the Communists dominate the new Czechoslovakian Ministry, and they are complete masters of the country



A MIGHTY THRONG OF COMMUNIST SUPPORTERS IN PRAGUE'S OLD CITY SQUARE: A general view of the gathering outside the Kinsky Palace to hear the speeches of Premier Gottwald and Mr. Zapotocky, the trade union chief. Mr. Zapotocky now becomes one of the three new Deputy Prime Ministers in the Cabinet. Ironically enough, the monument which stands in the centre of the Square commemorates the liberation of the City of Prague from the Swedes in 1648



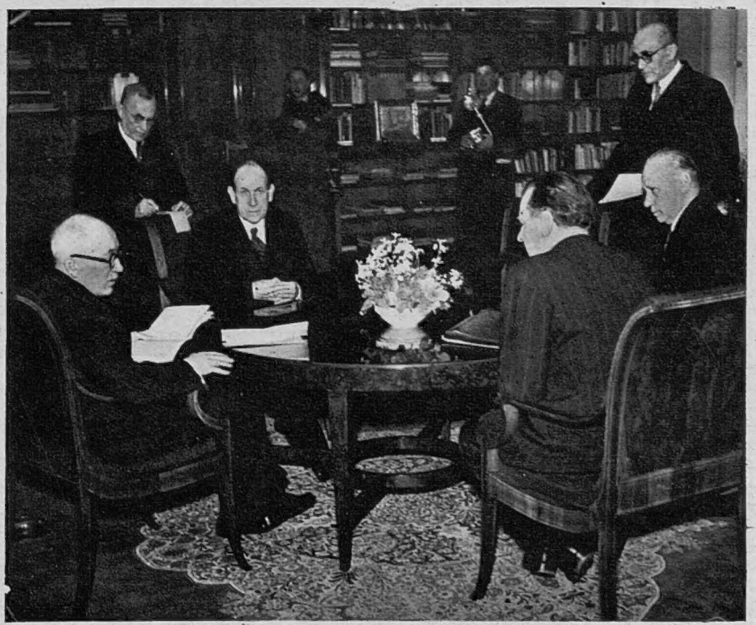
MR. V. A. ZORIN APPEARS UPON THE SCENE : The Soviet Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs (left), formerly Soviet Ambassador to the Republic of Czechoslovakia, being greeted on arrival in Prague by Mr. Vlado Clementis (right—back to camera), a Slovak Communist and the Deputy Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Czechoslovakian Cabinet. Zorin's arrival coincided with the mounting Cabinet crisis. The ostensible purpose of Zorin's visit was to look into the deliveries of Russian wheat promised to Czechoslovakia and to attend meetings of Czecho-Soviet friendship societies

THE FACTORY WORKERS COME TO TOWN : A lorry-load arriving in Prague for a Communist rally during the days of crisis which preceded the Communist coup

PRAGUE CELEBRATES RED ARMY DAY : General Leliusenko, a Russian commander who headed the Red Army as it passed through Prague on its westward march at the close of the Second World War, speaking at a meeting in the Prague National Theatre of the Czechoslovak Friendship Society for the Soviet Union. Red Army Day occurred in the midst of the Cabinet crisis, and the Communist leaders took advantage of the day to stage elaborate processions

A CROWD IN THE STREETS OF PRAGUE DISPERSING AFTER THE BIG COMMUNIST RALLY ADDRESSED BY PREMIER GOTTWALD : The Communist gatherings in the city took place peaceably enough, but wherever opposition parties attempted to demonstrate, the police were ordered to intervene. This picture was taken outside the offices of the "Svobodni Slovo," the daily of the Nationalist Socialist Party, which is co-operating with Gottwald's new Ministry. The newspaper of the Catholic People's Party has been commandeered by the Communists

ONE OF THE STRONG MEN OF THE NEW CZECHOSLOVAKIAN GOVERNMENT : Antonin Zapotocky, Deputy Prime Minister to Mr. Gottwald, and head of U.R.O., the Czech T.U.C., reading a declaration supporting the Communist political programme calling for a greater degree of nationalisation. It was he who organised the one-hour strike on February 24 as a token of trade union support for the Communists. In the centre in the foreground is Premier Gottwald, and on the right is Karel Otrata, head of the Planning Commission



PRESIDENT BENES YIELDS TO THE DEMAND OF PREMIER GOTTWALD : The President (left) engaged in a crisis conference with Czechoslovakia's Communist Premier (back to camera); Deputy Premier Zapotocky (seated right); and Mr. Nosek (facing camera, seated), the Minister of the Interior. Those in touch with the President at the time of his capitulation say he appeared sick and dispirited

KOREA HAS 400 POLITICAL PARTIES

And a Burning Desire for Independence

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE United States and the U.S.S.R. come up with one another at nine points round the globe: The Bering Strait, Germany, Austria, Trieste, Greece, Turkey, Persia, South China and Korea. There is no doubt as to which has been the least heard of. When Americans and Russians moved into Korea in August-September 1945, the world was engrossed by resounding events. That Hiroshima lay but 150 miles from Korea only obscured the latter the more; and so Korea, or Chosen, "The Land of Morning Calm," has remained.

At a time when, according to the Chairman of the U.N. Korean Commission, Korea may "blow up" and set off "a vast cataclysm in Asia and the world," not sufficient newsprint is allowed to justify dispatches from the place where the world may start blowing up.

Added to this drought of information is the fact that remarkably few whites have lived in Korea, and that those who have, have been preponderantly missionaries. No doubt some white residents of Japan spent holidays in South Korea, 48 hours distant by train and ship, but the whites most known to Koreans have been "one-day visitors" off cruising liners.

One way or the other, Korea has been much of a closed book. It was so almost entirely up to the '70's and '80's of last century, when the Imperial Dynasty, which had prevailed under Chinese suzerainty ever since the fourteenth century, admitted white traders in the wake of a handful of missionaries who had proselytised down the centuries.

And then came war. Gripped by western modernisation, Japan ousted China and exercised a loose surveillance of Koreans until given the Governor-Generalship at the 1905 Peace of Portsmouth, U.S.A. That was the signal for Japan to move in a big way. Five years later the old Emperor fled, disguised in a woman's chair, and there commenced the "Japanisation" of Korea, which entered on its full course after the 1914-18 war.

The Koreans showed their hatred of the new masters by an unarmed revolt, taking after Gandhi. Its leader proclaimed: "Success depends upon controlling violence. Korea has a soul under the spell of a mysticism which will not perish, which can triumph over the physical might of Japan." A Provisional Government was set up in Shanghai, and the spiritual and intellectual awakening that started in the '20's has only taken a more enfevered turn to-day. "Japan *was* successfully resisted. So can others be!"

Koreans are neither Chinese nor Japanese. They are a race apart—probably Mongol with some Caucasian—as their features, dress and customs denote. The men average 5 ft. 5 ins. When boyhood ceases with matrimony at about sixteen, the males pile up their hair in the unique "top-knot" encased in a high headpiece. At forty, they grow goatee beards and gradually sink to their haunches, pulling at long pipes. The sturdy women are chattels, except the few who travel. Concubinage is immovable.

If Christianity has gained many adherents, not a few mix it up with western civilisation and the material advantages accruing therefrom. Koreans, as a whole, remain deeply under Confucian influence. Ancestor worship, not to mention the propitiating of demons, is still widely practised.

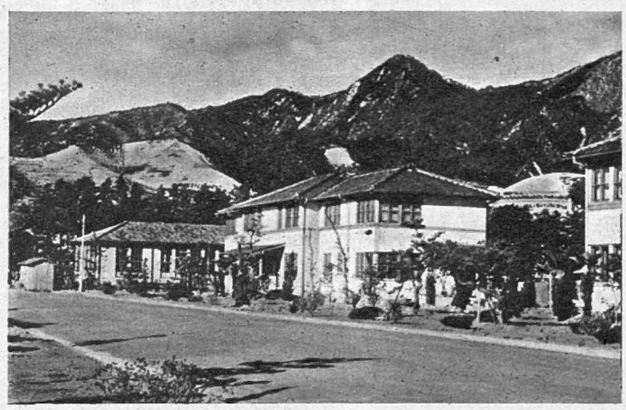
There survives a strong caste system, and there is no middle class. The "descent" is direct from officials to handworkers. Poverty and illiteracy are the general rule, with the majority living in villages of squalid mud-plastered huts. The south is agricultural and exports fruit, silk, cotton and *ginseng* as medicine. There are salt and tobacco monopolies. The thinly-populated north shows the beginnings of industrialisation.

The national characteristic has been ineffectualness. Koreans are known to foreigners for their indolence, peaceableness, patience and meekness. A combination not of this modern world, and the result of centuries of corrupt and tyrannous rule. "The Koreans are a delightful people, extremely approachable and full of laughter, but they show not the least aptitude for organised control. They show, indeed, a positive aversion to it, undermining whoever may be in power, enduring no one to be set over them—in spite of their nationalist gesturing—unless he be a foreigner." So H. B. Drake (*Korea Under the Japanese*, Bodley Head), one of the rare recent authorities, and even he writes of 1930.

The author gives credit to the Japanese, where it is due. They created roads, railways, postal and telegraph services, universal electric lighting, sanitation. They distributed wholesale, and free, a vast breed of fowls so as to swell the meagre Korean egg and give it quality, too. They planted fruit trees, developed experimental farms, introduced afforestation on the stripped hillsides, irrigated waste land and damned rivers against flood.

But the Japanese were guilty of spoliation and repression, and they killed the mind. The Koreans watched all these gifts supervening, but continued to hate the donors for their crude and cruel posturing.

WHERE THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AIR FORCE IS STATIONED IN JAPAN: An aerial view of Iwakuni, showing some of the houses constructed for married members of the Occupation Force



IN THE GARDEN VILLAGE OF ETAJIMA: These houses accommodate families from Australia and the United Kingdom who are members of Japan's Allied Occupation Force. The fully-grown trees, palms, and shrubs came from atom-bombed Hiroshima

Why didn't the exasperated Japanese leave? Mr. Drake answers his own question. "Korea is strategically necessary and commercially profitable." Elsewhere the author draws a picture of Korea "hanging helplessly from Chinese (since Sovietised) Manchuria, with a slender grip to an edge of Russian Siberia, dangling down—but with a reluctant upward curl—towards Japan."

Korea has also been likened in the physical sense to a more slender, less drawn-out Italy. Korea measures about 600 miles long by 130 miles wide, and it has a Cordillera down much of it, which slopes gradually to the benign west and south coasts, each studded with islands, but descends abruptly to a grim east coast.

Except for the colder north, the climate is superbly hot summer for nine months, with plenty of cool in the mountains which are Korea's glory. The resemblance to Italy returns when one hears of a north that is destined for industrialisation, and beyond which rises a chain of Alpine dominance.

The internal lay-out of Korea is best visualised by seeing its communications system as forming an inverted letter "A." At the bottom point is the port of Pusan; half-way up there's a cross line linking Seoul with Wonsan; and the two final points of the "A" are the northern and north-eastern frontier towns of Antung and Kwanei. Kwanei (Japanese version, I think) is nearest to the U.S.S.R. proper, being less than 100 miles from Vladivostok.

Across Korea—say, 30 miles north of Seoul, and the same, south of Wonsan—runs the 38th Parallel, which is the demarcation line between the Russian and American forces of occupation. The 38th Parallel passes straight over mountain and valley, straight across Korea for about 130 miles, and that is the length of the "line" dividing the giants in this corner of the world. General Shanin lords it in the north, from Pyong Yang, and General Hodge lords it in the south, from Seoul. And neither they nor their forces are even on meeting terms.

The U.S. force is small—not a division. It has the best of the country as it jeeps about the hills to rare road blocks and "frontier" posts, and returns to the climatic and physical loveliness of the southern havens. The Americans have artistic old Korea, and the capital, Seoul, for what it is worth, along with its port, Chemulpho, a name that rang the doom of Russia forty-three years ago.

The Russians have an altogether bleaker and harsher zone, whose one relief is Wonsan beach, where the foreign colonies used to sun-bathe (missionaries permitting). But the Russians are quite content, for they have the coal-mines, hydro-electric installations, and other facilities for heavy industry; and they have "The People's Army" and "The People's Democratic Republic," each reared on the lines we have reason to know. Puppet boss of each is Kim Il Sung.

The Russians have done so well with Kim that they offer to go, if the Americans will do the like. For Kim is the head of the south's Communists too, and directly the occupation forces withdraw, would overlay the south, backed by Soviet power.

But the Americans at present have no intention of being caught that way. They have tried to plant democracy through the agency of Christianity. Hundreds of missionaries have been introduced to this end. The Americans would now like consultative elections in their Zone as they held, early on, in Germany.

Any wider elections with a view to bringing an independent All-Korea into being are out of the question. That was made clear in the report to Lake Success, when the Korean Commission's Chairman told how the Russians not only would have nothing to do with him, but forbade him to cross the 38th Parallel. The Balkans over again.

How relieved I am, therefore, to have no space for clarifying politics in Korea. For there are 400 political parties. They probably don't represent more than 40,000 or 400,000 Koreans out of 21,000,000. The rest no doubt remain indolent and peaceable. It is always a surface crust of agitators, students, exalted ones and officials out for a fatter lot, who make the noise.

Koreans who long for real independence know from which side they are most likely to get it, and how to comport themselves in order to bring home the bacon. It can be but a terrific struggle, ridding Korea of the Soviet. Yet Korea had the soul to get the better of Japan. The way ahead at present seems to be a meeting of north and south political leaders, to re-examine the ground.

Suspended over the 38th Parallel is the whole question of American re-alignment in the Far East.

Considering themselves as having been let down by Chiang Kai-shek's China, the Americans ponder making the Japanese their Far Eastern support instead of the Chinese. Were this to ensue, the 38th Parallel would have to be held against the Russians, not only because Korea is strategically part of the Japanese defence system, but in order to prevent a Communist All-Korea reaching out to Japan's own Communists, small in number, but highly organised and active, and waiting for further economic chaos.

Could be set for storm, the "Land of the Morning Calm." I wonder—could there be the slightest connection between Lord Montgomery's 1948 Staff Exercise to discuss "the conduct of mobile operations in an undeveloped country in a Far East theatre of war" and the 38th Parallel?

MR. WARREN AUSTIN HAS A PLAN: The United States delegate to the Security Council of the United Nations is seen (on right) as he addressed his fellow-delegates at Lake Success. He declared that the Council was not authorised under the Charter to enforce the partition of Palestine, and he proposed a Committee consisting of Britain, France, the United States, China and the Soviet Union to consult the mandatory powers and the principal communities concerned. Mr. Gromyko and Mr. Creech Jones are also seen in the foreground of this picture

TENING TO WARREN AUSTIN'S PROPOSALS: Mr. David Horowitz (left), of the Jewish Agency, and Dr. Karel Lisicky (right), Chairman of the United Nations Palestine Commission, attending the Security Council Meeting at Lake Success

REPRESENTING FRANCE AND SYRIA: Alexander Parodi (left), French delegate to the Security Council, and Faris Bey El Khouri, Syrian delegate. They heard Mr. Creech Jones declare that Britain could have no part in enforcement measures

THE UNITED NATIONS and the WORLD COURT

At Lake Success Mr. Warren Austin Makes a Proposal for Palestine, and at The Hague the Judges Hear the Corfu Channel Case

In a world beset with disputes, the United Nations and its offshoot, the Permanent Court of International Justice, have unlimited tasks before them, but they have both yet to prove their effectiveness in action. The Palestine dispute is the latest problem before the Security Council of the United Nations at Lake Success, and the pictures at the head of this page were taken on the occasion of Mr. Warren Austin's important speech. His plan for a Big Five Committee on Palestine, including the Soviet Union, certainly impressed the delegates, but so also did the words of Dr. Lisicky, Chairman of the Palestine Commission, who made it quite plain that to implement partition the presence in Palestine of non-Palestinian military forces would be absolutely necessary. Meanwhile, at The Hague the International Court continued the war of words as it heard British representations against Albania over the question of the mining of the Corfu Roads. A decision on the question of damages to be received by Great Britain is expected in about a fortnight.

THE WORLD COURT AT LAST HEARS THE CORFU CHANNEL CASE—THE FIFTEEN JUDGES OF THE INTERNATIONAL COURT OF JUSTICE AT THE HAGUE MEET TO HEAR BRITAIN'S CHARGES AGAINST ALBANIA ARISING OUT OF THE DAMAGE CAUSED TO THE BRITISH DESTROYERS "VOLAGE" AND "SAUMAREZ" ON OCTOBER 22, 1946: The two ships were crippled by mines, one being a total loss, and forty-four sailors were killed and forty-two injured. In the centre of the picture is seen the President of the Court, Dr. Guerrero (Salvador). The Vice-President is M. Basdevant (France), and the British judge is Sir Arnold McNair. The judges receive salaries of £4,500 a year. The British legal experts are headed by Sir Hartley Shawcross, the Attorney-General, and the agent for Albania is the Albanian Minister in Paris. The ultra slowness of the Court's legislation has made it a constant target, and it remains to be seen whether it will be more effective under the United Nations than it was under the League

JERUSALEM'S BLACK SUNDAY

Scenes After the Explosion That Wrecked Ben Yehuda Street

THE CRIME THAT LED TO A WAVE OF ANTI-BRITISH VIOLENCE: Ben Yehuda Street, in the shopping district of Jerusalem, laid waste by the explosion. Over fifty Jews lost their lives, and nine Britons were killed in the subsequent attacks on our troops—made in the mistaken belief that British forces were the authors of this crime

THE CONSEQUENCE OF JEWRY'S BLIND DESIRE FOR REVENGE: Two members of the Royal Air Force Regiment lying on the pavement near the Jewish Agency headquarters after being shot down by Jews. They were among the nine Britons who perished in the wave of anti-British violence that followed close on the heels of the Ben Yehuda Street explosion. Others were killed by a mine sown by Jews round the perimeter of their quarter, while another was shot dead while being treated for a wound received in the streets a short while before

BLASTED BY THE BEN YEHUDA STREET BARREL BOMBS: Rescue workers at one of the windows of a building from which smoke pours after the explosion. Responsibility for the disaster was later acknowledged by Abdul Kader Husseini, the veteran Arab guerilla leader, who declared that it was a reprisal for the recent "basket-bomb" explosion in Ramleh

RESCUE WORKERS AMID THE WRECKAGE OF WHAT WAS ONCE THE ATLANTIC HOTEL: With their hands they attempted to remove the rubble in the hope of releasing some of the victims of the bomb explosion. They scorned the aid of British troops who arrived upon the scene, and within a few minutes the rumour spread in Jerusalem that the crime was the work of British security forces. Buildings over an area of half a mile were gutted by the explosion

Both Arab and Jew in Palestine have failed lamentably in curbing the violence of their own extremists. As in India in 1947, when one crime led to another, when one act was calculated revenge for something that had gone before, so in Palestine to-day. The Jewish "basket-bomb" outrage at Ramleh led to the massacre in Ben Yehuda Street, Jerusalem, organised by the Arabs, but this time the British troops, who have endeavoured to shield Jew and Arab from the worst consequences of mutual hatreds, had to pay the penalty for the crime. The bomb outrage, which destroyed much of the principal Jewish shopping thoroughfare in Jerusalem, was planned on lines that have now become very familiar, the Arab assailants using stolen Army lorries to plant the barrel bombs and a stolen Army vehicle to make their get-away, hence the rumour that spread through the city that the British were the authors of the crime. The explosion occurred at 6.45 a.m., and in a matter of seconds Ben Yehuda Street was reduced to a shambles. While anxious crowds were held back by a cordon of Haganah men, fires blazed in damaged buildings, water spouted from broken pipes, and the search for victims among the wreckage began. When the rumour regarding British complicity began to spread, a Haganah officer warned a British officer engaged in rescue-work to withdraw his men. Later an order came to all British troops to withdraw into their security zones, but the order did not come in time to save nine Britons, who lost their lives in the course of Jerusalem's Black Sunday

THE CASUALTIES ARE BROUGHT OUT FROM THE WRECKAGE IN BEN YEHUDA STREET: *Left*—A seriously-wounded Jew is borne out on a stretcher from one of the gutted buildings. *Right*—A slightly-injured couple walking away from the scene of the disaster. Around them men and women are searching for casualties

A NORTHBOUND EXPRESS HURTLES INTO PUGET SOUND: As a result of a landslide, this engine of a mail train bound from Seattle towards the Canadian border toppled into the sea. The driver and fireman of the train had remarkable escapes and passengers in the day coach were unhurt. The cause of the landslide across the track was recent heavy rains in Washington State

THE ZURICH TRAIN DISASTER: Twenty-one young skiers were killed and over 100 others injured when this week-end sports train hurtled, out of control, at 70 miles an hour into a three-storey house at Waedenswil, near Zurich. The train went out of control on an incline and was sidetracked at Waedenswil, smashing through the buffers and tunnelling into a house, which collapsed over the wreckage. But for the diversion of the train, there would have been an even more serious crash, as another crowded train was waiting in Waedenswil Station. All the victims were Swiss and came from the neighbourhood of Zurich

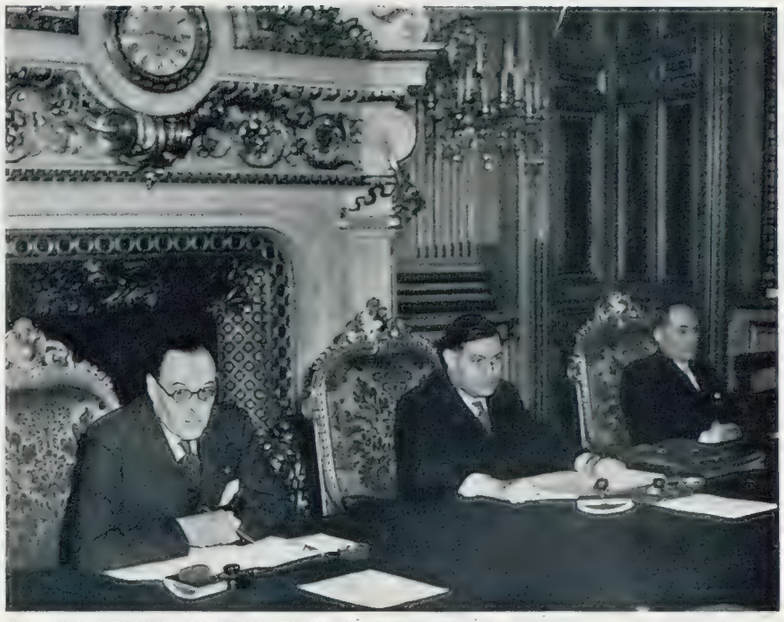
PARIS IN WINTER'S GRIP—AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE AFTER THE RECENT SNOWFALL WHICH COINCIDED WITH LONDON'S SEVERE COLD SPELL: Until this fall Paris had had a particularly mild winter, and industrial concerns were beginning to pile up fuel stocks. On one day 16 degrees of frost were registered at Le Bourget Aerodrome. The snow in the main streets quickly froze, making the streets dangerous both for vehicles and pedestrians

A SURVEY of the FOREIGN NEWS in PICTURES

AND STILL THE NUREMBERG TRIALS GO ON: Another group of generals indicted for war crimes. From left to right in the front row are Field Marshal Wilhelm von Leeb, Field Marshal Hugo Sperrle, Field Marshal von Kuechler, General Hoth, and General Reinhardt. Behind them are Lieut.-General Warlimont, Lieut.-General Woehler, and Lieut.-General Lehmann. Sperrle, known as "the man who bombed London," was in command of the German Legion in Spain during the Spanish civil war. In 1939 he became Commander-in-Chief of the Luftwaffe and was responsible for the prosecution of the blitz. Another group of generals has also been standing trial in Nuremberg since the New Year, among them Field Marshal von List, a former Commander-in-Chief in South-East Europe

UNMASKING THE WILES OF THE BLACK MARKETEER: Pierino di Egidio, a Roman police officer, dons a cotton waistcoat built to hold over sixty packets of cigarettes. The waistcoat was taken from a pedlar in the black market, and contained counterfeit packages of well-known brands of American cigarettes. The police in Rome have discovered a factory where these fake brands are being made. The labels and packages are well printed, but the tobacco filling contained in the cigarettes is mostly from butt-ends. The disappearance of genuine cigarettes from the black market following the departure of United States troops from Italy caused a ready sale for the counterfeit articles. Only the best cigarette paper was used, and this heightened the illusion

AFTER AN AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE: Ex-Queen Helen of Rumania, mother of ex-King Michael, and Princess Renee of Bourbon-Parma, mother of Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma, leaving the Vatican following a meeting with His Holiness in which they are said to have sought a dispensation for the marriage of Roman Catholic Princess Anne and non-Catholic ex-King Michael. Accompanying the Princesses is Count Antonio Cagiano de Azevedo, Waiter of the Sword and Cape. Swiss Guards escorted the party through the Vatican corridors. After the audience the Ex-Queen and Princess Renee made no statement



THE ANGLO-FRENCH COLONIAL TALKS IN PARIS: Mr. Oliver Harvey, who recently succeeded Mr. Duff Cooper as British Ambassador in Paris; M. Paul Coste-Floret, the French Colonial Minister; and M. Peter Georges, Director of Economic Affairs for the French Colonies, at the conference held in Paris on economic co-operation in Colonial Africa. It is felt that the talks provided an excellent precedent for further gatherings to which Belgium and possibly the South African Union might be invited. There was particular emphasis at the conference on economic and technical co-operation between the geographically inter-connected West African territories of Britain and France. Four subjects were examined: prices and markets; communications and harbours; inter-African trade; and development plans. It was decided that measures are to be examined for the better utilisation of local resources, such as the supply of Nigerian coal to neighbouring French territories and of salt from French West Africa to British territories. A common programme is to be prepared with regard to cattle-rearing

AFTER FOUR MONTHS ADRIFT UPON THE PACIFIC: Ronald Ernest Johnson, a thirty-eight-year-old Australian adventurer, at the rail of his engineless ex-naval submarine-chaser in which he drifted into Suva, Fiji, in February, after being carried by currents for four months. He was being towed by a friend in a similar boat when, 250 miles south of Honolulu, the towrope parted in a storm. When Johnson reached port he had lost weight heavily, but had managed to live by fishing. The submarine-chaser's paintwork was considerably blistered

STUDENT UNREST IN CUBA: A youth hurling a seat at an abandoned street car during the recent student outbursts in Havana. The students demonstrated as a measure of sympathy with fellow-students at Guantanamo, who were on a hunger-strike for a new school building. Police had to use tear-gas before they quelled the Havana students

A MIGHTY HAUL IN ROME'S BLACK MARKET: Franco di Sante, a Rome police officer, is seen in these two pictures displaying some of the remarkable finds made by the Italian police investigators. In the left-hand picture he is holding a half-tone block used in the printing of cigarette packets, and in the right-hand picture he has counterfeit champagne corks and stamped metal caps bearing the well-known name of Piper Heidsieck. In bottles thus grandly labelled, unsuspecting Italians have been sold a cheap Italian sparkling white wine

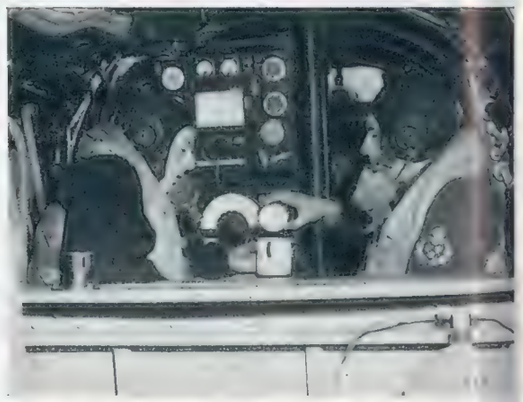
FACE TO FACE AT A EUROPEAN CROSS-ROADS: German prisoners of war repatriated from Britain (left) and German prisoners of war repatriated from Russia (right) meet in Hamburg. This remarkable picture points a strong contrast, for the men just back from Britain are better fed and equipped than those who have been in Russian hands. The latter have no kitbags, and indeed almost no possessions

HOME FROM THE ARCTIC WASTES : One of the seven Lancasters of the Empire Air Navigation School, Shawbury, circling over the Moray Firth after taking part in the recent mass flight beyond the Arctic Circle, via Gibraltar, the North Atlantic, Iceland, Jan Mayen Island and Bear Island. Forty-two officers and twenty-four senior N.C.O.s took part in the flight, the chief purpose of which was to establish an effective standard polar navigation drill. The course, from Mediterranean sunshine to Arctic cold, took the flyers within 900 miles of the North Pole and covered a total distance of 5,845 miles

LANCASTERS IN A MASS FLIGHT OVER THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Men of the Empire Air Navigation School in Training

FIRST STOP "THE ROCK" : Two Lancasters of the Empire Air Navigation School drawn up at Gibraltar. After a brief halt, during which members of the crew bought bananas and other sub-tropic delicacies, they set out for Reykjavik, where they were entertained by the British Minister in Iceland. The final, and most arduous stage of the flight took them over the Arctic Circle. Owing to bad weather over Bear Island, 315 miles south of Spitzbergen, the take-off from Reykjavik had to be postponed for several hours, but otherwise the whole training flight was conducted without a hitch



ARCTIC BREW : Signaller Baldock and Signaller Hotchkiss adding milk to their tea as they flew over the Arctic Circle on the mass flight. Not many hours before they had been basking in Mediterranean sun

AS "Q FOR QUEENIE" SAILED OVER THE ARCTIC : In the foreground is Flight-Lieutenant A. G. Allen, who is talking with the second pilot, K. Massey (left). The crews all belonged to No. 5 Specialist Navigation Course

Employing pressure pattern and grid navigation techniques, students of No. 5 Specialist Navigation Course from the Empire Air Navigation School, Shawbury, set out in mid-February upon their Arctic adventure. Altogether forty-two officers and twenty-four senior N.C.O.s participated in this mass flight designed to establish effective polar navigation drill using standard equipment; to collect signal and weather information; to investigate Arctic phenomena; and to collect information on long-range radio aids and pressure pattern flying. When they finally returned to Shawbury, after flying over desolate Jan Mayen Island, cruising within 900 miles of the North Pole and landing in the Icelandic capital, they declared that "landing here has been the coldest part of the whole trip." Five of the seven Lancasters made the whole journey of 5,845 miles, and there is no doubt that the aircrews have brought back valuable flying data, and at the same time have added to their own experience of flying under extreme conditions.

ROLLING MASSES OF ANGRY CLOUDS SEETHE BELOW THE POLAR FLYERS: This dramatic airscape was taken beyond the limits of the Arctic Circle as the flight of the Lancasters reached its climax. To offset the inaccuracy of the magnetic compass in the polar regions, an astro compass was carried for use in night flying

Below—IN A WORLD OF MIST AND CLOUD: The lonely outpost of Jan Mayen Island as seen from one of the polar Lancasters. Jan Mayen, lying between Greenland, Iceland and Spitzbergen, is the birthplace of those dreaded low-pressure areas which presage storm in Europe. Some years ago the Norwegians established a meteorological station there

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

Scenes from Sir Laurence Olivier's Film Presentation of the Tragedy

The long-awaited film of *Hamlet*, with Sir Laurence Olivier as the Prince of Denmark, is completed and will have its London première next month. It took a little over six months to make. Olivier's decision to photograph *Hamlet* in black and white was made because he saw it "as an engraving rather than as a painting." Following this idea logically, the lighting was arranged so that an unusual depth of focus was obtained to give great detail in scenes covering a number of players. The film lasts two and a half hours and Olivier has broken away from traditional stage production and tried to see it in the way Shakespeare might have done had he been writing a screen play. He has avoided the static camera wherever possible and concentrated on speed and action. Sir Laurence Olivier, besides playing Hamlet, has produced and directed the film, which was made at Denham. Roger Furse designed the sets and costumes, which are of no definite period. Besides Sir Laurence, *Hamlet* has an impressive cast of star names from the theatre

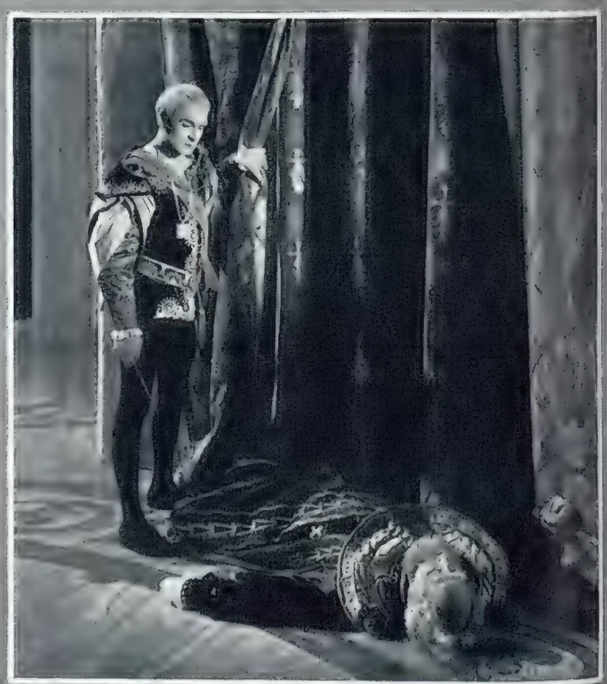
"WHERE WILT THOU LEAD ME?": Hamlet follows the ghost of his father outside the castle at Elsinore. Laurence Olivier had his hair dyed blond for the film, which he has produced for Two Cities Films

THE ROYAL PARTY AWAIT THE PLAYERS: Basil Sydney plays the King, Eileen Herlie, the Queen, and Jean Simmons, Ophelia. In the background, between Hamlet and the King, stands Felix Aylmer as Polonius

THE PLAY WITHIN A PLAY IS ENDED AND THE ROYAL PARTY BREAKS UP IN CONFUSION: The dramatic scene in which the King, seeing his own crime re-enacted by the players, rushes away, leaving only Hamlet and Horatio behind

On left—**"HOW NOW! A RAT?": Polonius has advised the Queen to tell Hamlet "... his pranks have been too broad to bear with..." Polonius hides behind the arras. He cries for help when he believes Hamlet to be about to murder his mother**

On right—**"THOU WRETCHED, RASH, INTRUDING FOOL, FAREWELL!" Hamlet stands over the body of Polonius, whom he has slain. Felix Aylmer takes the part of the Lord Chamberlain, father of Ophelia and of Laertes, who is also to be slain by Hamlet**



"RE-ENTER OPHELIA, FANTASTICALLY DRESSED WITH STRAWS AND FLOWERS": So reads the stage direction for Ophelia's second entrance in the mad scene. Jean Simmons (now filming in the Fiji Islands), wearing a blond wig, plays Ophelia

"HOLD OFF THE EARTH AWHILE, TILL I HAVE CAUGHT HER ONCE MORE IN MINE ARMS": Laertes interrupts the burial of Ophelia, his sister. Stanley Holloway plays his first Shakespearean part as the First Gravedigger in this scene

THE SCENE OF THE DUEL BETWEEN HAMLET AND LAERTES: In the film, the actual duelling match lasts about ten minutes and is very vigorously and skilfully enacted by Laurence Olivier and Terence Morgan as Laertes. The culmination is shown in the picture below

THE KING, THE QUEEN, AND LAERTES LIE DEAD: The final scene with Hamlet, soon himself to die, watching as the King's Guard dip their lances. The poison "quite o'er-crows my spirit": and Hamlet dies to Horatio's pronouncement, "Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"

CORFE CELEBRATES 700 YEARS OF HISTORY

The Story of a Famed Dorset Stronghold

THE OLD STRONGHOLD OF CORFE—THE CASTLE RUINS ON THEIR STEEP GREEN MOUND DOMINATE THE DORSET COUNTRYSIDE AND THE VILLAGE OF CORFE: This year is the 700th anniversary of the granting by Henry III of a weekly market to his "men of corf." In the same year, 1248, he also granted them a yearly fair to be held on the vigil and feast of St. Edward the Martyr. The castle stands on the site of a hunting lodge, at the gate of which Edward the Martyr was murdered by his stepmother in 978

The old Dorsetshire fortress of Corfe is of fascinating interest from a military viewpoint. It could not have been built in a better strategic position, commanding as it does the road to Dorchester and the south-west. Corfe in Norman and mediæval times was the scene of many dark deeds, including the murder of Edward the Martyr and later the murder of twenty knights by the order of King John. It was the same King who granted Corfe a weekly market on Saturdays. That was in 1215, the year of Runnymede. Thirty-three years later, in 1248, Henry III superseded John's grant with a grant marking the vigil and feast of St. Edward the Martyr. In the next century Edward II was incarcerated for a time at Corfe, and in the seventeenth century the Castle came into nation-wide prominence when it was gallantly defended against the Roundheads by Lady Bankes. She put to flight the besiegers, and Corfe was only taken in a subsequent siege through the treachery of one of the garrison. In 1643 Lady Bankes herself played a man's part, taking charge of the defence of the middle ward. It is recorded that she heaved hot stones and embers over the battlements to repel the "pot-valiant" attackers. Sir Walter Earle, with a force of 500 or 600 men, attempted assault after assault, and in the last of these attacks lost 100 men in killed and wounded. When he withdrew Sir Walter left ammunition, artillery and horses behind. The second assault was in April 1646, and ended when fifty men got into the castle under the pretence of being reinforcements. But for this, Lady Bankes would doubtless have repeated her historic performance with her favourite weapons, stones and hot embers. After these two historic sieges in which male prowess had been made to look ridiculous by a woman's determination, the Castle was "slighted" by order of Parliament. The massive fragments of mediæval masonry which now scatter its site bear witness at once to the difficulty of the task, and the thoroughness with which it was accomplished

THE "SLIGHTED" BATTLEMENTS OF CORFE CASTLE RISE ABOVE THE VILLAGE—A FAMILIAR VIEW OF THE CELEBRATED STRONGHOLD, ONE OF THE KEYS TO SOUTH-WESTERN ENGLAND: Corfe stands on the isle of Purbeck, five miles south-east of Wareham, and will always be remembered for the great sieges of the Civil War in which Lady Bankes played such a heroic part. The lighthearted Edward II was incarcerated in Corfe after he had been captured in Wales and formally deposed. His murder took place after he had been moved to Berkeley Castle

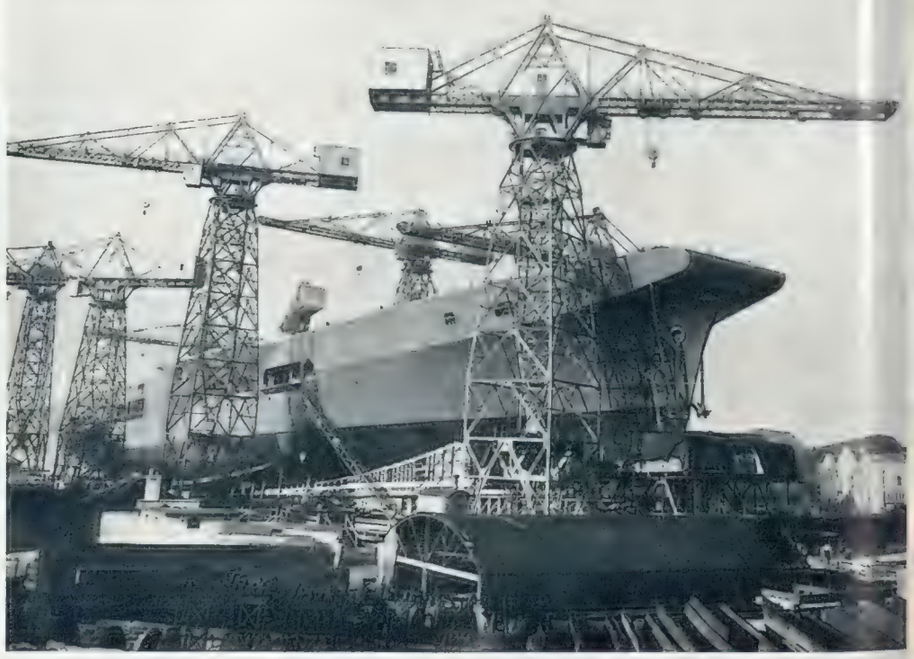
STILL MASSIVE IN DECAY—THE MIGHTY RUINS OF CORFE TESTIFY TO THE SOLIDITY OF ITS BATTLEMENTS IN CIVIL WAR AND MEDIÆVAL DAYS: The Parliamentarians must indeed have had a tremendous task in reducing these walls, dislodging each piece of masonry with sledge and crowbar. To-day the ruins cover about 3½ acres on this famous hilltop site. The little town of Corfe Castle, nestling beneath the ruins, is celebrated for its trade in Purbeck marble

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS

THE PRINCESS ROYAL IN SCOTLAND : The first engagement in Her Royal Highness's three-day visit was to inspect the 1st Battalion the Royal Scots, of which regiment she is Colonel-in-Chief, at Glencorse Camp, Edinburgh. She is accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Dickson, commanding the battalion, and General Sir Philip Christison, G.O.C.-in-C. Scottish Command. On the following day the Princess Royal visited the Women's Royal Army Corps at Broomfield House, the Royal Corps of Signals at Fairmilehead, the Lowland Brigade I.T.C. at Dreghorn, and the 8th Battalion the Royal Scots at Dalkeith. The 1st Battalion the Royal Scots were holding their last parade as an active battalion before becoming the Lowland Brigade's Basic Training Battalion

BURMA'S FIRST AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S AND HIS FAMILY : Sir Maung and Lady Gyee with their two daughters, all wearing Burmese national dress. Sir Maung, now in his sixties, was formerly Burmese High Commissioner. He first came to England forty years ago, when he studied at Oxford and in the Middle Temple. On his return to Burma he took up a political career. When the Japanese arrived in 1940 he fled to the hills, refusing to surrender to the enemy. He made a tour of the country, stirring up the people, and after the liberation was asked by the British to join Burma's Executive Council

HOW TO PACK A 4,000-YEAR-OLD JUG FOR AN ATLANTIC CROSSING : This Aztec relic is now on its way to the United States suspended on springs in the centre of a crate. The jug, now travelling under a special Board of Trade licence, was a gift—in 1928—from Dr. A. C. Bates of Cornell University, to Dr. S. W. Stewart, Methodist Minister of Huddersfield. When Dr. Stewart died, it was decided to send the antique to his eldest son, a professor in Rochester, N.Y.



SOLD BEFORE LAUNCHING AND NOW DESTINED FOR THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY : H.M.S. "Terrible," a new aircraft-carrier of the Majestic class, is now nearing completion in Devonport Dockyard and will go to the Commonwealth instead of augmenting the Royal Navy. The "Terrible," sister ship of "Hercules," "Leviathan" and "Powerful," all begun in 1943 but not yet completed, will have a displacement of about 14,000 tons. She will be able to take about forty aircraft and will have a maximum complement of 1,400

On left—**TO END QUEUEING BY SHIPS WAITING TO BERTH : Douglas Harbour, Isle of Man, will shortly become the first radar-controlled harbour in the British Isles. A 55-ft.-high steel lattice-work tower has been erected on the Victoria Pier, and a cathode-ray screen has been installed which will enable the harbour-master to "talk" ships into the harbour**

ALL PART OF THE SERVICE—How London Transport Executive look after their employees : At the Chiswick Bus Works, where 6,000 men and women are employed, an industrial health centre staffed with doctors and nurses is now operating. Sisters Hutchings and Stonehouse have nearly 600 attendances a week, and are kept busy dressing cuts, removing foreign matter from eyes, spraying sore throats, etc. There is an indicator at the centre which gives warning of serious accidents in any of the workshops, and their location. In such cases an ambulance is sent and the casualty can be in hospital and receiving treatment within seven minutes. Trained by the doctor at the centre, there are fifty-nine qualified first-aid men throughout the workshops

THIS IS THE CHURCHILL "EGG" : This pressurised cabin was designed during the war years for Mr. Churchill's use on long flights, and was part of the equipment of a York Transport. The war-time Premier's medical advisers did not think that he could stand heights over 8,000 ft., and this shell was accordingly designed to keep the pressure normal even when the plane was flying at an altitude of 25,000 ft. or more. The "egg" was taken on all Mr. Churchill's flights, but it was never used

NEXT STOP PORT NATAL : This trolley-bus, in process of being swung aboard the "Durban Castle" at Southampton, is one of two now en route to Durban. Passenger transport and commercial vehicles form a big part of our current exports to the Union of South Africa

DORIS DUKE RUBIROSA ARRIVES IN ENGLAND : The world's richest woman, wearing a striped turban and fur boots, stepping from a Pan-American plane at London Airport, on arrival from the United States. An hour and a half later she set out for Paris. Mrs. Rubirosa is the wife of Señor Porfirio Rubirosa, Dominican Ambassador to the Argentine. Their marriage took place in Paris last year

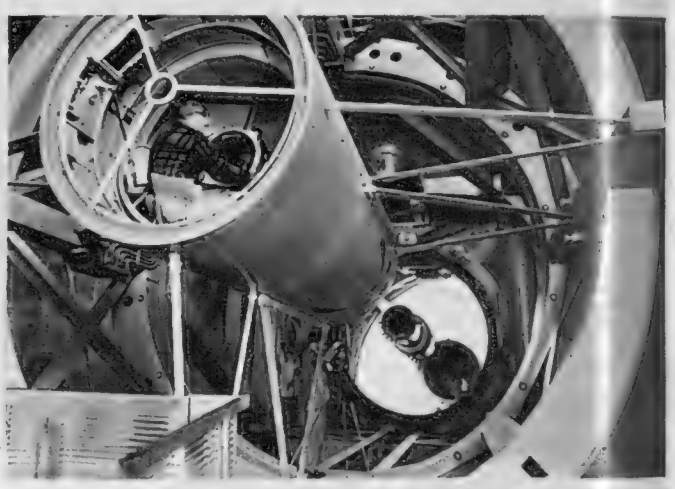
NEWBURY GETS ITS WAR-TORN RACECOURSE BACK : Newbury Racecourse, for nearly nine years a war "casualty," will be handed back to the owners on March 31, but no date can be given on which racing will be resumed there. The course became a vast open dump, criss-crossed with 35 miles of railway lines, when the American Army in 1942 turned it into one of the biggest supply depots in the country. Equipment for the invasion of Europe went out from there, and the American First and Third Armies were kept moving in Normandy with petrol flown from a nearby airfield. At one time the depot clothed and fed 125,000 troops a day. This aerial view shows grandstands and finishing straight in the middle distance on the left

ADJUSTING THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELESCOPE

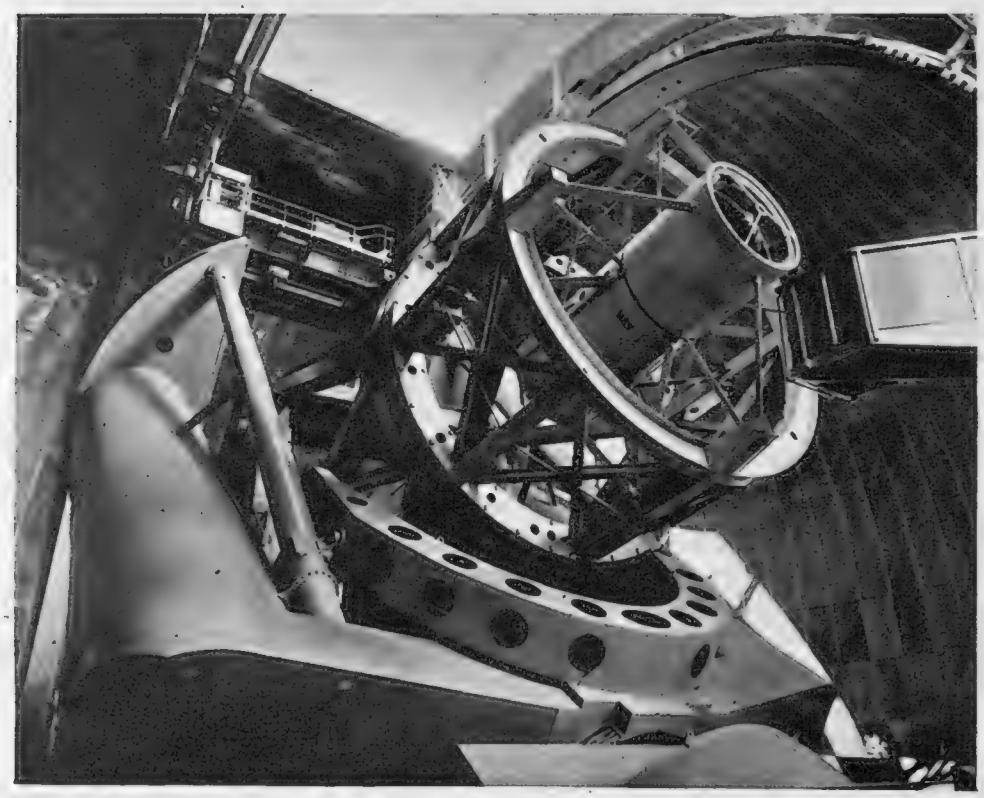
In the Hale Observatory on 5,600 ft. Mount Palomar, California

THE MOUNT PALOMAR TELESCOPE POINTS TO THE HEAVENS THROUGH A SLOT 30 FT. WIDE: Looking from the interior of the vast dome at the Hale Observatory, which is situated at a height of 5,600 ft. in the mountains of California. The 200-in. Cassegrain telescope, the largest instrument of its kind in the world, is now being adjusted, and it is expected that the first observations from Mount Palomar will be made some time this summer. This view shows the summit of the steel framework in which is installed a convex mirror. The 200-in. concave mirror, installed at the base, is shown in the picture on the right. The telescope will be able to probe space to a distance of 1,000,000,000 light years, and, needless to say, will far extend the present limits of observation. It will no doubt add considerably to our knowledge of the remote galaxies

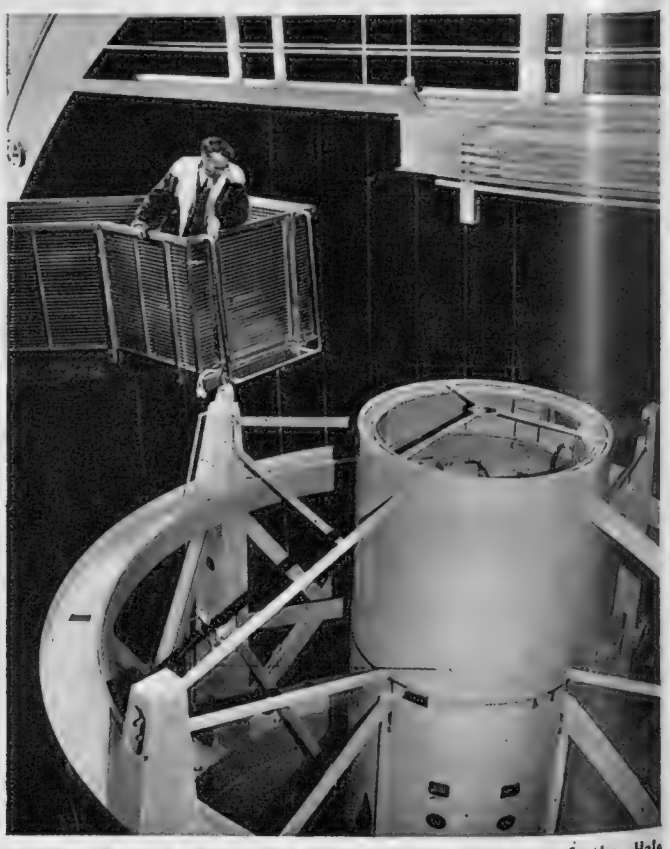
THE GIANT EYE OF MOUNT PALOMAR: The silver dome of the Hale Observatory which houses the 200-in. Cassegrain telescope. Atmospheric conditions on Mount Palomar are ideally suited for observation, and there are no nearby city lights to interfere with the definition of photographic recordings



ADJUSTING THE CAMERA OF THE 200-IN. TELESCOPE: Byron Hill at work in the steel framework at the Hale Observatory. In the background is the huge 20-ton 200-in. mirror made at the Corning Glass Works, New York State, and polished to completion at the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena



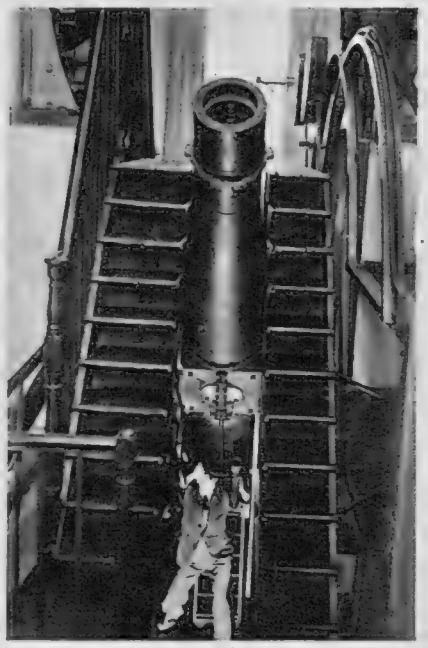
THE MAIN FRAMEWORK OF THE MIGHTY TELESCOPE: A general view of the steel structure which carries the mirrors. This Cassegrain form of telescope, in which the light rays are reflected from the 200-in. concave mirror to a convex hyperboloidal mirror, has special advantages for spectroscopic purposes. The system, by which aberrations have a tendency to correct each other, was first employed in the large Melbourne telescope. The Hale Observatory on Mount Palomar will specialise very largely in photographic observations



DR. IRA BOWEN RIDES THE CRANE: The Director of the Hale Observatory being hoisted to the camera chamber of the telescope. While taking charge at Mount Palomar Dr. Bowen will continue his work as Director of Mount Wilson Observatory

THE NEW HOME OF THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY: Historic Hurstmonceux Castle, nine miles from Eastbourne and in the heart of the Sussex countryside, was sold to the Admiralty by Sir Paul Latham, and there the Astronomer Royal is now supervising the transference of the Greenwich equipment. The move will not be completed until 1951 or 1952. Already the 28-in. refracting telescope has been removed from the dome at Greenwich. Hurstmonceux Castle was built in the reign of Henry VI

THE REASON FOR THE MOVE FROM GREENWICH: Looking from Observatory Hill across the allotment area to the chimneys of Greenwich Power Station. These chimneys have added markedly to the smoke haze which lies over Greenwich and impedes observation



GREENWICH MEAN TIME IS CALCULATED FROM THESE OBSERVATIONS: A Greenwich astronomer at work on the Airy Transit Circle Telescope, which actually stands upon the Meridian Line

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY IS BEING MOVED TO SUSSEX

Transferring the Equipment to Historic Hurstmonceux Castle

Back in the seventeenth century, when Greenwich was a sleepy Thames-side village far from London's noisome mass, Charles II, with an eye to Britain's maritime supremacy, took bricks from Tilbury Fort, lead from the Tower of London, and sundry monies from the sale of spoiled gunpowder, and built himself a Royal Observatory there—at a cost of, perhaps, £500 sterling. Since then, the world has taken its time and all ships make their calculations from the imaginary line—the Zero Meridian of Longitude—passing through the dowdy Observatory perched on a hill overlooking the Thames and the sprawling, smoke-laden bulk of London. Almost three centuries later, Greenwich Observatory is moving to the country—to stately fourteenth-century Hurstmonceux Castle, built by Henry VI's Treasurer, Sir Roger de Fiennes, 55 miles away on the Sussex Downs. Greenwich Mean Time will not be affected, however. In the five years needed to effect removal of all the Observatory's delicate instruments, calculation of Mean Time is being made by special observations at Greenwich and Hurstmonceux. The actual clocks have been moved to Abinger. Supervising the intricacies of the removal is Britain's Astronomer Royal, Sir Harold Spencer Jones, present-day successor to the first of his line—the Rev. John Flamsteed, installed at Greenwich by Charles II at the princely annual fee of £100. From this, he bought his own instruments. Removal of the Observatory became unavoidable when it was recognised that London's smoke and bright lights, allied to the naturally poor climate, were making observations almost impossible and threatening the accuracy of the world's timekeeper. The Admiralty bought Hurstmonceux Castle and its 370 acres. The Castle was recently restored and is now probably the finest early brick building in England

GREENWICH BEARS THE SCARS OF WAR—THE DOME FROM WHICH THE 28-IN. REFRACTING TELESCOPE WAS REMOVED LAST NOVEMBER FOR TRANSFERENCE TO THE NEW OBSERVATORY AT HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE, SUSSEX: The damage to the dome occurred as a result of bomb-blast during the course of the war

AFTER THE DOCTORS, THE DENTISTS

The Health Minister Faces Renewed Opposition

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE doctors have spoken in no uncertain manner about the State Medical Service. Next, it will be the dentists' turn to repeat nationally the vote of the Metropolitan Branch meeting of the British Dental Association, when 349 were against the Government proposal and only 6 (mostly employees of the L.C.C.) were for it. The dentists, indeed, are even more united than the doctors, though they have to face less material loss because the Minister of Health has not yet prohibited the sale of practices, and they will not be affected by a Government refusal to allow them a call on beds for their patients in the about-to-be-nationalised hospitals.

Nevertheless, from a vocational point of view the dentists feel very strongly about the suggested changes which, to them, mean the degradation of professional men—not to the status of honourable artisans, but to that of third-class Civil Servants. The dentists do not object at all to the establishment of a National Health Service; on the contrary, the British Dental Association has for years advocated the establishment of a service providing dentistry for all those who need it. This Association does object, however, to the comprehensive dental service as it has been designed by the present Minister of Health. It feels that it will destroy the present patient-practitioner relationship; will limit the clinical freedom of the dentist; put a premium on utility dentistry; and offer no encouragement to the dentist of exceptional ability and enthusiasm. By clinical freedom is meant the time-honoured right of a dentist to decide with his patient the nature and extent of the necessary treatment and to proceed with it unhampered by the interference of a State-appointed body.

The Minister of Health insists that a large proportion of all normal dental treatment must be subject to prior approval by a third party, and that all patients may be required before and after treatment to submit to examination by State-appointed bodies. This means that a dentist would have to fill in a card with the name, address, age, occupation and identity-card number of his patient. He would next have to make out a chart of the mouth and the work he thinks necessary and give an estimate of the cost. He would then have to send this to the Dental Estimates Board and await a reply. If the patient did not approve, he would have to make out a further statement of what the patient was prepared to have done and make another chart. Having done this, he would have to send it to the Dental Estimates Board and get the Board's approval for starting work. If the Board did not approve he would have to take part in further negotiations and satisfy the Government Dental Inspector. If he is lucky, he may then start work. When he has finished he must get the patient's signature, sign the chit himself, and then send it to the Dental Estimates Board for payment. The latter might pay immediately, but equally it might insist on the patient being examined by a dental inspector, who would only authorise payment if he considered that the treatment was efficient. The Government is already advertising for dental inspectors at £1,000 a year, which automatically means that they will not be first-class men, otherwise they would not accept the money.

There are certain exceptions to this farcical bureaucracy. If the patient is screaming with pain, the dentist need not go through the official song and dance before yanking out the tooth. Again, if the treatment required consists of a common or garden amalgam or synthetic (porcelain) filling, the dentist can go ahead without official approval, in most circumstances. But when it comes to anything else—acrylic or porcelain inlays, or gold inlays, permission would have to be obtained from the D.E.B. A porcelain inlay, by the by, is when the cavity is made to a specific size and an inlay is made to fit the cavity and is baked hard before it is put in; as opposed to the synthetic porcelain filling which is put in as a paste and hardens in the cavity.

Under the proposed new service with its limitation of clinical freedom, the dentist would naturally be encouraged to advise courses of treatment which were likely to be acceptable to the Dental Estimates Board and the dental officers of the Ministry, rather than enter into lengthy correspondence or subject his patients to irritating delays.

We now come to the question of remuneration. Incredibly enough, the Minister of Health is trying to insist on the payment of a fixed fee for each item of treatment. In other words, that the same fee should be paid to every dentist for the same operation, irrespective of any special skill or the amount of time involved, or the overheads of the dentist. How on earth a first-rate dentist in Hanover Square can be expected to live on the same scale as a dentist in Tonypandy or Nether Wallop remains a complete mystery. The proposed fixed scale could only result in a standardised service for all. A good dentist would be unable to afford the maintenance of his higher standards of service at his own expense. The most careful and conscientious of them would earn the least and, in fact, a premium would be put on shoddy, hurried work. What is the answer? The answer is the "grant in aid" system of remuneration suggested by the British Dental Association. This would mean that the Government grant for each item of treatment would be available to the patient whether he attended a practitioner willing to work at the standard scale fee, or the practitioner whose standard skill, experience and highly-equipped surgery enable him to provide something better than utility dentistry, and therefore entitles him to receive a higher reward for his work. This system is in successful operation in the social security schemes of France, Belgium and Norway, and provision for it has recently been made in the Health Service of Northern Ireland.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan, however, refused to consider any such method of remuneration.

Among the various clauses in the suggested Act is the Right of Appeal clause, under which power is given to a tribunal to direct the removal of a practitioner's name from the list of the employer body, which would virtually mean disqualification. From this decision there is no appeal, except to the Minister. The British Dental Association claims that a practitioner should have the right of a final appeal to the High Court.

In the last two or three days a "Question and Answer" has been sent out to dentists all over the country by the Association. Here are the last six:

Question: What does the Association think of the Minister's plea to come into the Service and give it a trial, and of his promise then to alter the conditions of service in the light of experience?

Answer: Conditions can just as easily be degraded as improved.

Question: What does the Association advise a member to do?

Answer: The Representative Board recommends all members of the Association to exercise their right under the Act to refuse to enter the service until the Act and its Regulations are amended so as to include the principles advocated by the Association.

Question: What does this imply?

Answer: No member should apply to be included on the list of any Executive Council.

Question: What harm is there in getting "on the list" but not accepting any Health Service patients?

Answer: Once a dentist has signed the application form, which would be sent to him, he thereby signs a definite contract to treat patients under the terms and conditions in operation in the area.

Question: What might be the effect of this?

Answer: In the first place, that the Minister of Health would be in a position to tell Parliament that a stated number of dentists had agreed to work his service. Secondly, the reasonable conclusion by the public that any practitioner signing such a contract COMPLETELY approved the terms and conditions of the National Health Service.

Question: Will the Association continue its efforts to obtain amendments to the Act and its Regulations?

Answer: The British Dental Association is prepared, in the public interest, to maintain, with no sense of commitment, its contact and discussions with the Minister of Health in order that amendments may be obtained to the Health Service Act 1946 and its Regulations, which would ensure a satisfactory dental service for the public.

One thing is certain. When the new proposals come into force on July 5, they will open the door to black market in both dentistry and medicine.

CANINE MONKEY TRICKS

KANSAS CATS "CAVE CANEM": Nickie, an eighteen-month-old fox-terrier from Parsons, Kansas, became tired of being taunted by cats from the haven of the trees. So he has taught himself to go up after them, and these two pictures show him during and after a successful leap

On left—

DOG'S DINNER FOR TWO: Judy and Cush, owned by Mr. L. Townshend, of Hendon, can stand on their hind legs and, dinner in mouth, walk towards their master. The poodle in England is sometimes a misunderstood dog. He is not merely a parlour trickster, but one of the most intelligent and courageous sporting dogs produced by the Continent. Jumping through hoops is just a sideline

SOMETHING TO TELL THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA? Mr. R. Gregg Cherry (right), Governor of North Carolina, helps to hold the rope while police officer Pressley, of Charlotte, N.C., demonstrates how he teaches safety first to school-children. While Pressley's performing dogs entertain the youngsters with their antics, the police officer lectures the children on safety first. Here the terrier Elmer is balancing himself on two legs on a rope

CONTRAST FROM MANHATTAN: Momaru's Blue Devil, an old English sheep-dog, looks with patrician condescension on Princess Patricia, a diminutive Chihuahua, at the 72nd Annual Westminster Kennel Club Show at Madison Square Garden, New York

SCENES OF VIOLENCE ON THE LONDON STAGE

"Cockpit" at the Playhouse and "The Gorbals Story" at the Garrick

DISPLACED PERSONS IN A LONDON THEATRE: A scene from "Cockpit," at the Playhouse Theatre, which is used as the setting for the play. A British officer and his sergeant are supposed to be in a provincial theatre in Germany just after VE-Day. D.P.s are around them on the stage and among the audience. The above scene takes place after a Yugoslav partisan has accused a Yugoslav Chetnik of stealing a sack full of bread

THE BRITISH OFFICER AND HIS SERGEANT CONFRONT THE MAN FROM LIDICE: Joseph O'Conor plays Captain Ridley and Arthur Hambling, Sergeant Barnes. Paul Hardtmuth (the Czech from Lidice) produced Elisabeth Bergner as St. Joan in Berlin in 1932 and has worked with Reinhardt

FRENCH MAQUIS VERSUS FRENCH FARMER: Diana Graves as Marie, a French Communist, attacks her compatriot, Duval (played by Marcel Poncin), while another D.P. falls on her in the general melee which follows

In *Cockpit*, Bridget Boland has reconstructed the scene in a German provincial theatre, where D.P.s have been gathered after the fall of Germany. A young British officer and his sergeant are in charge, and he finds himself up against some of the problems that are now facing European statesmen. He tries to divide the theatre into East-bound and West-bound groups and, immediately, the trouble starts between Communist and anti-Communist of each country concerned. The situation is getting completely out of hand when someone in a box is declared to be dying of bubonic plague. At once all are united in a common desire to confine the disease and to make the best of it. When nerves become frayed, a former opera singer relieves the tension by singing an aria from *La Traviata*.

OPERA SINGER, FRENCH COMMUNIST AND GERMAN STAGE MANAGER: Phyllis Mander is the singer who has lost her memory but regains it to sing an aria from "La Traviata." Dudley Jones plays Bauer, the German stage manager

RAZORS ARE OUT AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: A scene from Robert McLeish's "The Gorbals Story," with Russell Hunter as John Martin, a newspaper boy with ideals, and Betty Henderson as Peggy, a young woman of doubtful virtue

THE DRUNK SCENE IN "THE GORBALS STORY": Betty Henderson, Howard Connell and Marjorie Thompson play a Scottish version of the familiar scene. Fifteen years ago the Glasgow Unity Players were formed from local amateur dramatic societies. Their object was to develop native talent and to encourage new dramatists. In 1946 they received *The Gorbals Story* from Robert McLeish, a Scottish journalist. The play is set in a tenement house in Glasgow and provides a number of amusing character studies for the actors. Many of them gave up jobs to present the play in London. Robert Mitchell, the director, was once a vacuum-cleaner salesman. Betty Henderson was a hairdresser who took up amateur theatricals when she was sixteen to cure herself of shyness. Others in the cast include Sybil Thomson, a former clerk in the Ministry of Food; Roddy Macmillan, an ex-engineer, and Carl Williamson who was once a furrier

New Lamps and Old

JANE AUSTEN HAD NO PETROL

But Her Age Understood the Right Use of Leisure

By JOHN GORE

A DECADE OF RETROGRESSION.—Most historians would agree in the importance of a "sense of the past," which they would define as an attitude of mind which enables a man to relate present events to those which have gone before. In a lesser degree—because allowance must always be made for the imponderables—those unforeseeable contingencies which govern international relations and human life—the same sense of the past may help statesmen to provide for the future.

A sense of the past not only relates present events with origins in the near or remote past, but affords a man the comfort and stability of a "pattern" in human life, and gives him, in a world more than ever lacking in stability and security, a sense of order and destiny when he sees himself as a unit in a great design unrestricted in time. He is no longer a pawn in a brief era, a unit in a single generation, but a piece on an eternal chessboard. And, finally, a sense of the past affords him a standard by which to measure his progress or retrogression at any juncture in his earthly life. These (the historian would say) are the functions of history.

It is with the last of these uses that I would briefly deal. It is not necessary to look back far before one is profoundly surprised and in part shocked by comparing conditions obtaining to-day and yesterday. In the lifetime of a man middle-aged to-day the swiftest social and economic revolution recorded in history has taken place, and, as none of his fathers before him, he may be certain of shocks if he measure conditions of his youth with those of his eld. For we take it for granted that he optimistically supposes that the history of civilisation is a story of progress, faster or slower.

If he look back into the dim origins of his race, he (like his fathers) can surely congratulate himself on progress. If he look back no farther than the dawn of the century, he must be cheered and comforted by the removal of a hundred sores, evils, shams, shames and injustices in social life, even if he cannot escape regret at the passing of many personal or general sweets of existence. But what if he turn the pages back but a decade? Where did he stand on the ladder of social progress only ten years ago?

Ten years ago in England the national conscience had broadly awakened to the need of root-and-branch social reform, of a broadening and intensified campaign for better living conditions for all, justified by the tremendous advances in science, the constant improvement in communications, and the still adequate resources derived from our national investments and our labours.

Plans of a sweeping sort were preparing for eliminating slums, building decent houses, vastly improving roads and inns to satisfy a generation which was accepting the cheap car as the poor man's means of transport and recreation. Social security in matters like ill-health, old age and unemployment was on the stocks; bigger families were being encouraged with free meals and extra milk and allowances; and water, light and decent drainage were to be made available to the remotest cottage home. Already, eight homes in ten enjoyed the wireless—from 8 a.m. onwards without discrimination in all too many of them—and the cinema was thrice a week at least within the compass of every housewife and child even in remote rural areas.

In short, ten years ago the minds of citizens who lived in the more remote country districts were being prepared to expect new amenities and a broadening life and varied interests from the inventions of science, to rely for their knowledge of events on potted talks and broadcast simplifications, and to depend for their recreations on the cinema screen and the radio switch. "Make your minds a blank and we will fill them with wisdom and interests; rely solely on us and we will water you, light you, transport and recreate you, feed you, care for you and pension you off." The scientists and a paternal Government made these promises to the spoon-fed. Good books were cheap, and the classics and all sorts of educational works, well printed, were available to all seekers after knowledge.

Ten years ago electric power and current had reached within half a mile of my own settlement of about fifty souls. Our by-road was of excellent surface. There were hopes of piped water and better bus services. The last horse-drawn vehicle had been put down, for the car was every man's transport.

To-day our settlement is, by and large, not static but retrogressive. The electric power has not advanced one yard in ten years. The new water scheme has not yet included us. The money won't run to it. Our by-road is no longer made up. Our bus service is still an every-two-hours service, half a mile away. Still we have no drainage system, and the very minimum of salvage and refuse-collection. Our local authority remembers us only when it claims the rates.

We Debunked Too Soon.—In all this, I employ no political bias. The aftermath of war is the prime cause of our retrogression; the economic blizzard is not a party weapon. The facts remain, and the evil of them is best evidenced in a letter which some time ago I cut from *The Times* when it was running a symposium on "basic petrol."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES."

Sir,—Jane Austen had no basic petrol ration. It would have been interesting to watch the expression of her face as she read, could she have done so, the letter from your correspondent, and thus realised that she had "an utter lack of mental stimulus . . . and was useless as a citizen, and frustrated as a thinking individual." This is the plight in which your correspondent now finds herself, "as any psychiatrist would agree." She is "without concert hall, picture gallery, lecture-room or library, meetings and debate, political, cultural, or social," she tells us. Will the library to which she subscribes not post books to her? Presumably her grandmother was in the same distressing condition; but if she, too, lived as near to Cheltenham as is Prestbury, she might have walked there to obtain these amenities. Neither she nor Miss Austen could have turned on the wireless and listened to "Itma" (had they wished to do so) to obtain cultural benefit from that. How did they endure the hardships of this mental stagnation?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

Jane Austen had no petrol. It is true. But the writer of this letter has read *Pride and Prejudice*, and she would admit the uses to which Mr. Bennet's daughters put his farm horses; she would admit the social amenities of Meryton; from the life and works of Miss Austen she can adduce the mental resources and spiritual interests which made evenings by the fire or round a single oil lamp or a four-branch candlestick all too short a time for Miss Austen to put on paper her thoughts and observations, and for her characters to exhaust the interests of a single day. With profit, we can all study the daily life of the Ladies of Llangollen; we should remember how the Continent drew English men and women from their comfortable homes to roam the capitals of Europe along indifferent roads served by bad inns, in the days before Science had conquered Time and Space and turned them into bugbears and obstacles, and the average citizen's initiative into passive expectation of mechanical diversions and State substitutes for the provisions of individual prudence. Jane Austen had no motor spirit, but she enjoyed spiritual resources of another kind. We laughed (ten years ago) at the recreational evenings of our great-aunts—albums with views of Venice and a "little harmony." We availed ourselves of the invitation to worship the Moloch of scientific achievement and threw our home-made resources, material and mental, on to the scrap-heap.

We confidently relied on the electric switches and the mechanical screens for knowledge, recreation, uplift and ideas, as we trusted to science for our transport and our utilities, and to the State for our domestic budget, our health and general security. And now the wheels won't turn, the switches won't work, space has temporarily ceased to be conquered, and we are back in the eighteenth century with no resources, no interests.

Time's Fools.—We see Jane Austen and our great-aunts no longer as museum pieces, as benighted spinsters; rather, as favourites of fortune, as super-women, enjoying a secret which we have lost or thrown away. Here and there, a few of their dusty old albums still survive, filled with their water-colour sketches (which as Art are no great matter); their commonplace books of quotations from the poets are perhaps rather washy and sentimental excerpts; their fire-screens and bedspreads are wearing thin or moth-eaten. But they had their uses in their day. They stood (and still stand) for the right use of leisure, for independence of mind, for culture and dignity—these ladies understood the art of conversation, once an essential practice in a cultured society. In a word, our great-aunts were self-insured, not State-insured, were spiritually free, if fettered by convention; above all, were not afraid of solitude nor prone to boredom. The unforgiving minute was not their master.

Who wears the fool's cap now? Jane or her great-great-niece, who ten years back saw herself on the top rung of the ladder of progress? Which is the prime butt for the laughter and tears of the gods, the great-niece sighing for a bus to take her to Hollywood's saloon bars, with her wireless eternally blaring in an empty sitting-room of glacial temperature, or the great-aunt, eternally busy with her pen, her pencil, her brush or needle, her harp or her spinet, her exchanges of gossip and ideas, in a warm and cosy drawing-room? We were too quick to debunk our ancestors. *We* are Time's fools. Jane Austen "never talked of war," but was prepared for it. We never talked of anything else and were not prepared for it.

A "BRIGHT" ADAPTATION OF AN OLD IDEA: Mr. Frank Bright, of Hatfield Peverel, Essex, is utilising an old wheelwright's lathe for making hand-made furniture. The lathe has stood for over a century in a barn, and was primarily used for turning wheel-hubs. It is worked by hand and driven by a chain from a cartwheel which a youth turns

AN OLD COUNTRY CRAFT REVIVED: Shortages of raw materials are bringing back some of the old trades and craftsmanship. For instance, lack of sawn timber has forced Mr. Sidney Franklin, wheelwright at Terling, Essex, to go back to using an old-time saw-pit in the preparation of wood for his business. Mr. Franklin, skilled wheelwright and blacksmith, is now sawing up oak and elm trees in readiness for work next autumn. Balance, good eyesight and considerable strength are needed for the task of sawing straight through an oak tree. Mr. Franklin's apprentice operates from the pit end of the saw

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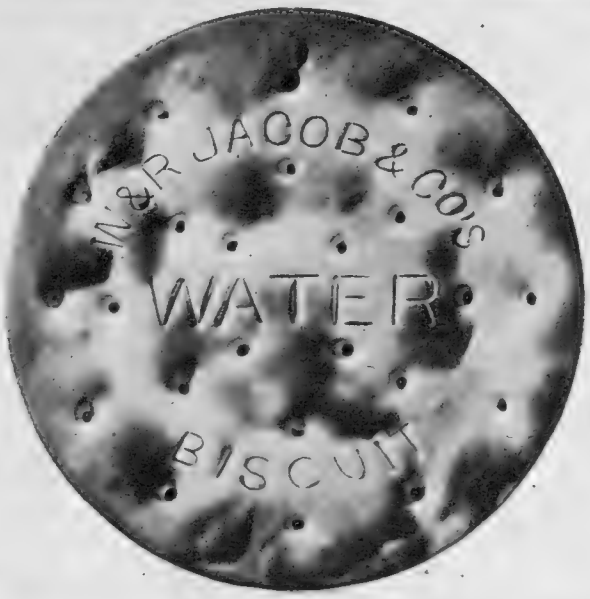

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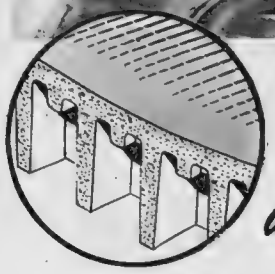

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

EL ALAMEIN TO THE SANGRO

Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery's Straightforward Account of His African and Italian Campaigns

ONE would expect Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery's writing to be crisp, factual and objective, and that, to an admirable degree, is exactly what it is in El Alamein to the River Sangro (Hutchinson. 25s.), his own account of "the activities of the Eighth Army, during the period when I commanded the Army . . . 13 August 1942 to 31 December 1943."

If you are looking for any elements of showmanship in this book, you will be disappointed. There is little comment, a consistent modesty and an equally consistent appreciation of the troops themselves, to whom he wrote, in his farewell message: "In all the battles we have fought together we have not had one single failure; we have been successful in everything we have undertaken. I know that this has been due to the devotion to duty and wholehearted co-operation of every officer and man, rather than to anything I may have been able to do myself."

A magnificent achievement, and a worthy tribute. This book is a *must* for those collecting their own shelf of war books.

"STORM JAMESON," A SCULPTURAL IMPRESSION BY ANNA MAHLER: Storm Jameson is the author of "The Black Laurel," a new novel having its setting in the Berlin of 1945, the city of cellars, shacks and shanties where a defeated, disillusioned people settled down to dwell in post-war squalor

Mrs. Friderike Zweig has written a biography of her distinguished husband, whose life ended in Brazil in 1942. With a book as intimate and as revealing, not only of the subject but of the author herself, as this one is, it is difficult to do more than commend the apparent frankness with which it has been written. Stefan Zweig (W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.) must essentially be a saddening book, because of the effect that exile had on such a brilliant mind, and because of the growing melancholia that invaded his last days.

But before then Stefan Zweig had written memorably, and it is for his own books that readers will hold his memory in respect.

Miss Rachel Ferguson urged Espinosa to use one of Byron's lines for the title of his autobiography, which she has, in her exquisitely modest words, "presented." I wish I had room to quote the whole passage from which And Then He Danced (Sampson Low. 18s.) was taken, because it is so apt, but, if you don't already know it, you will have to take my word for it.

The autobiography, under Miss Ferguson's care, grew into a delightful book, gay, occasionally bumptious, sometimes pathetic, always lively. The story of this seventy-five-year-old Spaniard, born, baptised and brought up in England, is the story of the development of ballet dancing in this country. Ballet is, and always has been, his life, and it is as inseparable from his conversation as from his existence.

Miss Storm Jameson writes with a fine maturity that is as satisfying as a bottle of really good claret; rich but light, full but not gross. Her new novel, The Black Laurel (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.), is her best book for some years and, though it lacks the lyricism of *The Lovely Ship*, which she wrote, I think, when quite young, it has a new depth of thought which compensates for that.

The story has as its theme the corruption of power and the invincibility of the truly good man or woman, whatever their material circumstances, and Miss Jameson has set it in post-war Berlin, with its hideous moral and practical problems for the defeated and the victorious.

The problems affect the middle-aged and ageing, in the persons of an immensely wealthy Englishman, two of his German friends of pre-war—and possibly post-war—days, a beautiful woman, and the English officers commanding the Zone. They affect the young, in the persons of the rich man's private pilot, the woman's young daughter, and a handful of young Germans living in their ruined lean-to's and cellars.

Although the author has one or two tricks of style, such as a too-frequent use of punctuating dashes, which may irritate, the supreme merit of the novel is that it will make the reader think.

Field of the Stranger (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.), on the other hand, will make the reader laugh. It is a lighthearted and extremely perceptive little novel of Ireland, the Irish and the Anglo-Irish. Miss Olivia Robertson might be said more exactly to have written a collection of sketches than a sustained novel, but considerations of form will probably bother you not at all while you are enjoying her witty pages. And wit is not a word to be used lightly.

As an indication of the richness of her characterisation I would choose her old musician gentleman, holding forth here on women. "Nobody appreciates women more in their proper sphere than I do . . . at tennis and sherry parties, on committees to hurry on the proceedings and to avoid the unessential gossip men delight in—in hospitals—seated at the harp—on board a liner—and lighting one's way with a torch in cinemas. A woman's place is anywhere but in the home."

If you can master the initial difficulty in reading Mr. Michael de Capite's novel, No Bright Banner (Falcon Press. 9s. 6d.), you may be stirred and even excited by its fresh directness. But the author has chosen to tell the whole story in the second person, and that is a trick that takes a lot of practice—on the reader's part.

It is the story of an Italian-American, growing up in a city in the 1920's, struggling to express himself, to educate himself, and to free himself from the people who would call him "Wop." It is forceful rather than subtle, but the book has real feeling, and its own dignity.

Miss Lillian de la Torre decided that the only team of crime-detectors liable to rival Holmes and Watson would have been Dr. Johnson and Boswell, and, acting on that assumption, she has written an original and amusing series of stories in which the Great Cham himself provides the solutions and his biographer dutifully chronicles them.

Dr. Sam Johnson, Detector (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.) is full of invention and admirably recaptures something of the spirit of the Doctor's times; a lively experiment that you may find, at the least, diverting.

I don't think that The Shadow (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) is the best of Mr. Neil Gunn's novels, but it is certainly one of the most provocative of thought. The theme is a difficult, even a forbidding one: the mental illness of an attractive young woman. It is a subject that must be treated with respect, sobriety and insight, and here all those qualities are revealed, as a good writer shows his mettle.

The Franchise Affair (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) I thoroughly enjoyed, as I look forward to enjoying much more of the work of this comparatively new writer of novels. Josephine Tey is also known as Gordon Daviot, the playwright who gave us *Richard of Bordeaux*, but as the author of detective fiction, she has only two or three titles to her name and they have all been humorous and well constructed.

The present book is set in a quiet Midland county and is a tale not of murder and violence, but the mystery of a girl who, apparently out of the blue, accuses a respectable mother and daughter in the neighbourhood of kidnapping her, locking her up, beating her black and blue, and starving her. The details of her evidence seem completely circumstantial, and the case against the two women as black as pitch until a modest country solicitor, whom they ask to represent them, begins to work back through that evidence, and to produce a surprising and neat solution. This is well out of the ordinary run of such books.

EDITOR OF "THE HORSEMAN'S YEAR": Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Lyon, whose annual has just been published by Collins and was reviewed in a recent issue of "The Sphere." "The Horseman's Year," including many illustrations, deals at length with flat racing, steeplechasing, the hunting field and the show ring

If you have a radio in your house, it is a fairly safe bet that you will have heard some of the adventures of the doughty Inspector French, a popular creation of Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts', who is a master of this kind of thing. Murderers Make Mistakes (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) is a varied collection of these case histories, told as short stories and in a fuller form than the exigencies of broadcasting time allow.

This seems to be the season for stories of gallant—or bold—privateers, and Lieut.-Commander J. E. Taylor does nobly by the merry boyo's in By Force of Arms (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.), a book of the type often described appropriately as a "thundering good yarn."

THE GENIUS OF SHIEL

The Short Stories of a Master of Fantasy

On February 17, 1947, at the age of eighty-one, the Irish romantic novelist, M. P. Shiel, died at Chichester. The death of this master of fantasy, some of whose works bear the stamp of the poet and the seer, did not pass altogether unnoticed; but throughout his long life he was less widely known than he deserved. Shiel was born at Plymouth, Montserrat, in 1865. Mrs. Gladstone took an interest in his early writing, W. T. Stead collaborated with him, and after 1901, when he saw the publication of his masterpiece, *The Purple Cloud*, Shiel published an annual volume with regularity until the outbreak of the First World War. In 1935 he was awarded a Civil List pension, which was increased in 1938, and when the end of his long life came he was still writing with verve. To-day his bibliographer, John Gawsworth, has selected THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF M. P. SHIEL (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), and it is hoped that these will introduce a master of the written word to a new generation, and that they will be the forerunner of a general re-issue of his major works. The collection begins with the three "Prince Zaleski" adventures, and most readers will agree with Frank Swinnerton that they are detective stories of the first water. Shiel sometimes wrote down to his public, but nearly all these stories reveal imagination, startling—sometimes wild—originality, and a deep preoccupation with the great mystery of human existence.

In moments of cheerful decadence it seems that our poets, for the most part in tune with and not ahead of the times, were content to string along with the broad stream of humanity. At any rate, that is the impression gained from SONGS OF THE RESTORATION THEATRE (Methuen. 8s. 6d.), edited by Philip John Stead. Here is the poetry of an age that set out consciously to enjoy life, delighting in the beauty of women and the goodness of wine, content to satisfy the insatiable curiosity of the senses. Some of it is slight to a degree, most of it is sensuous, all of it is gay or amusing. Congreve, Vanbrugh and Wycherley were all adept at the lyric form, and in their songs they reflect an age avid for pleasure after the years of pleasure's exile under the Commonwealth. In this verse the balance is lacking (the revel is fitting only after the day's labour), but there is passion and wit and a sprinkling of sound philosophy.

German espionage during the Second World War was on a gigantic scale. At the head of this distinctly bizarre but highly efficient organisation was Admiral Canaris, pupil of that sly fox, Franz von Papen. Pitted against Canaris and his network, Britain had a comparatively small and starved force. Funds were forthcoming, however, when the war was afoot, and in SECRETS OF THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE (Sampson Low. 15s.) E. H. Cookridge tells us just how the British counter-espionage achieved a resounding victory. It was a triumph of courage, adaptability, and imagination over the Teuton mind. Mr. Cookridge declares that he has tried to avoid false romanticism. He has certainly marshalled his facts with rare skill, and those facts are so thrilling that the book constitutes a succession of breathless incidents. The stories of the first spies across the Channel in 1940, of the American Embassy spy, Tyler Kent, who gave the Nazis such a wealth of vital inside information regarding Churchill-Roosevelt exchanges, and of British agents operating in France, are a real eye-opener, while the account of von Papen's net in the Middle East, makes one wonder how the ex-Chancellor emerged from the Nuremberg trial with his head still firmly secured to his shoulders. Hollywood or Denham could find material in this book for at least a dozen "Hotel Berlin" films.

Another writer who takes us back-stage, though in a rather less vital theatre of operations, is Leslie Knighton, the well-known football manager, who, in BEHIND THE SCENES IN BIG FOOTBALL (Stanley Paul. 16s.), almost rivals Mr. Cookridge with his tales of international chicanery. How the French clubs wooed some of the British players before the war, luring them to the Continent with rosy promises, is a dramatic if not particularly elevating story. Mr. Knighton's anecdotes of the "Cup" and League all make good reading.

For the chess enthusiast comes CHESS FOR THE RANK AND FILE (Littlebury. 10s. 6d.), by W. L. Roche and A. F. Battersby, two experts on Correspondence Chess. For the enthusiast who takes the trouble to work out the advice given, this will no doubt prove a rewarding manual. The same is true of IT 'S ALL IN THE SWING (Putnam. 7s. 6d.), described as a volume of self-help for the average golfer. The author is Kenneth Wilson, and he makes it all sound absurdly easy.

OXFORD REPLANNED (Architectural Press. 15s.) is an account by architect Thomas Sharp of his elaborate scheme for the remaking of the City.

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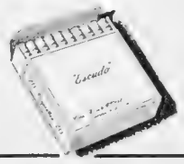

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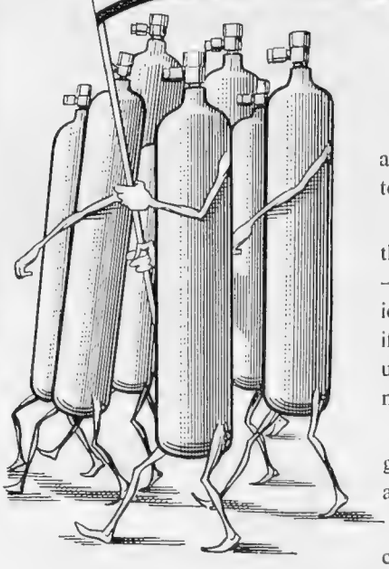

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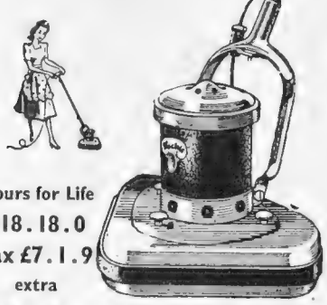

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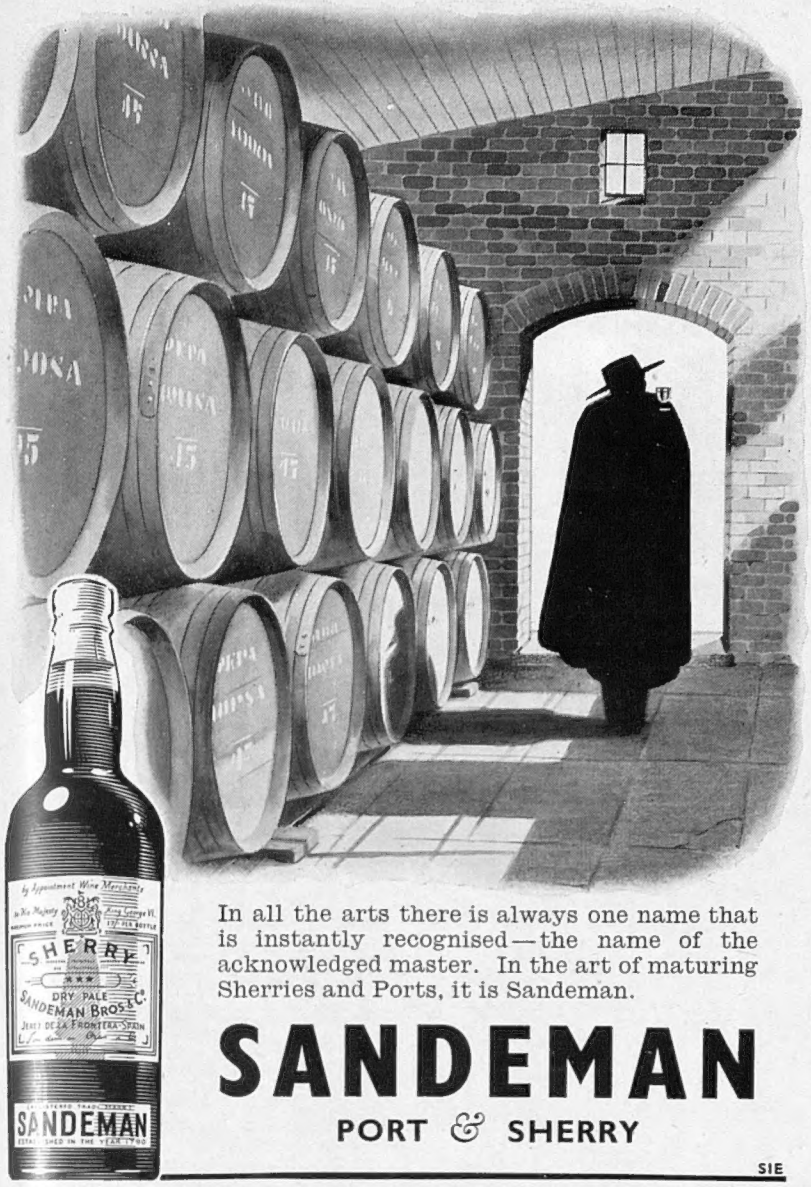

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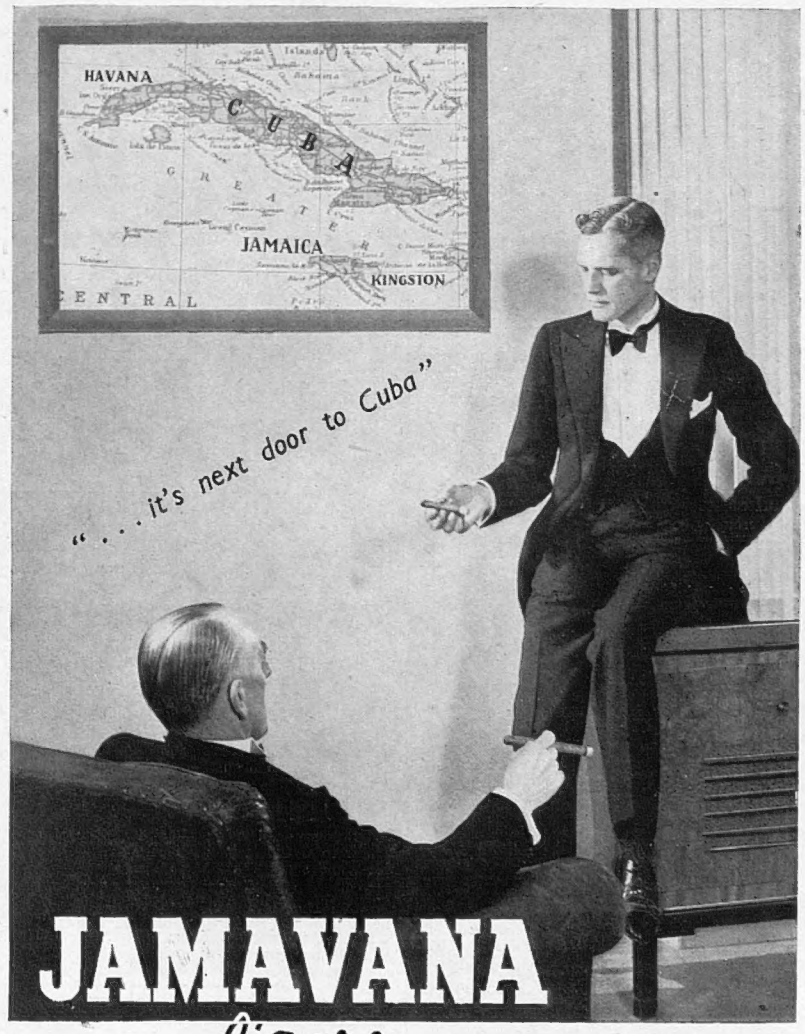

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